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## THE LADY'S DREAM.

(From Hood's Magazine and Comic Miscellany.)

The lady lay in her bed,  
Her couch so warm and soft,  
But her sleep was restless and broken still ;  
For, turning often and oft  
From side to side, she mutter'd and moan'd,  
And toss'd her arms aloft.  
  
At last she started up,  
And gazed on the vacant air,  
With a look of awe, as if she saw  
Some dreadful phantom there ;—  
And then in the pillow she buried her face  
From visions ill to bear.  
  
The very curtain shook,  
Her terror was so extreme ;  
And the light that fell on the broider'd quilt  
Kept a tremulous gleam ;—  
And her voice was hollow, and shook as she cried :—  
“ Oh me ! that awful dream !  
  
“ That weary, weary walk,  
In the churchyard's dismal ground !  
And those horrible things, with shady wings,  
That came and flitted round,—  
Death, death, and nothing but death,  
In every sight and sound !  
  
“ And oh ! those maidens young,  
Who wrought in that dreary room,  
With figures drooping and spectres thin,  
And cheeks without a bloom ;—  
And the voice that cried, ‘ For the pomp of pride,  
We haste to an early tomb !—  
  
“ For the pomp and pleasure of pride,  
We toil like Afric slaves,  
And only to earn home at last  
Where yonder cypress waves ;—  
And then they pointed—I never saw  
A ground so full of graves !  
  
“ And still the coffins came,  
With their sorrowful trains and slow ;  
Coffin after coffin still,  
A sad and sickening show :  
From grief exempt I never had dreamt  
Of such a world of woe !—  
  
“ Of the hearts that daily break,  
Of the tears that hourly fall,  
Of the many, many troubles of life,  
That grieve this earthly ball,—  
Disease, and hunger, and pain, and want ;—  
But now I dreamt of them all !  
  
For the blind and the cripple were there,  
And the babe that pined for bread,  
And the houseless man, and the widow poor  
Who begg'd—to bury the dead :  
The naked, alas, that I might have clad,  
The famish'd I might have fed !—  
  
“ The sorrow I might have sooth'd,  
And the unregarded tears ;  
For many a thronging shape was there,  
From long forgotten years.—  
Ay, even the poor rejected Moor,  
Who raised my childish fears !  
  
“ Each pleading look, that long ago  
I scann'd with a heedless eye,  
Each face was gazing as plainly there,  
As when I pass'd it by.  
Woe, woe for me, if the past should be  
Thus present when I die !  
  
“ No need of sulphureous lake,  
No need of fiery coal,  
But only that crowd of human kind  
Who wanted pity and dole—  
In everlasting retrospect—  
Will wring my sinful soul !  
  
“ Alas ! I have walk'd through life  
Too heedless where I trod,—  
Nay, helping to trample my fellow worm,  
And fill the burial sod,—  
Forgetting that even the sparrow falls  
Not unmark'd of God !  
  
“ I drank the richest draughts,  
And ate whatever is good,—

Fish, and flesh, and fowl, and fruit,  
Supplied my hungry mood ;  
But I never remember'd the wretched ones  
That starve for want of food !  
  
“ I dress'd as the noble dress,  
In cloth of silver and gold,  
With silk, and satin, and costly furs,  
In many an ample fold ;  
But I never remember'd the naked limbs  
That froze with winter's cold.  
  
“ The wounds I might have heal'd  
The human sorrow and smart !  
And yet it never was in my soul  
To play so ill a part :  
But evil is wrought by want of thought,  
As well as want of heart !”  
  
She clasp'd her fervent hands,  
And the tears began to stream ;  
Large, and bitter, and fast they fell,  
Remorse was so extreme :  
And yet, oh yet, that many a dame  
Would dream the Lady's Dream !

## AN APOLOGY.

BY T. HOOD.

*Hood's Magazine* came out a few days too late this month, but the following apology for it is so truly in the writer's best vein, that we cannot regret the accident, and only hope it will cause no loss to him. Poor editors had little need to have bad health added to their other ills.

“ *The Echo*.—The writer of the following letter guesses so truly at the main cause of the delay in the publication of the present number, that our best explanation to our subscribers will be, to give the epistle entire, *verbatim et literatim*.—as addressed to the Editor :—

“ Sir.—By your not cumming out on the First, I conclude you are lade up being notorus for enjoyin bad heith. Pullmery, of course. Like my poor Robert—for I've had a littery branch in my own familly—a periodical one like yourself, only every Sunday, insted of once a month ; and as such, well knew what it was to write long-winded articles with Weekly lungs. Poor fellow ! As I often said, so much head work, and nothin but Head work, will make a Cherubbin of you : and so it did.—Nothing but write—write—write, and read—read—read ; and, as our Doctor says, it's us bad to studly till all is brown, as to drink till all is blew. Mix your cullers. And very good advice it is—when it can be follerd, witch is not always the case : for if necessity has no Law it has a good deal of Litterature, and Authors must rite what they must. As poor Robert used to say about sedentary habits, it's very well, says he, to tell me about—like Mr. Worcsorth's single man as grew dubble—sticking to my chair ; but if there's no sitting, says he, ther'll be no hatching ; and if I do brood too much at my desk it's because there's a brood expected from me once a week. Oh, its very well says he, to cry Up, up with you ; and go and fetch a walk, and take a look at the daisies, when you've sold your mind to Miffy Stoflin ; and there's a Divil waiting for your last proofs, as he did for Doctor Forster's. I know it's killin me, says he ; but if I die of overwork it's in the way of my vacation. Poor boy ! I did all I could to nurridge him : Mock Turkey soop and strong slops, and Wormy Jelly and Island Moss ; but he couldn't eat. And no wunder ; for mental laber, as the Doctor said, warcs out the stummack as well as the Branes, and so he'd bee, spinning out his inside like a spider. And a spider he did look at last, sure enuff—one of that sort with long spindle legs, and only a dot of a Boddy in the middle. Another bad thing is sittin up all nite as my Sun did, but it's all agin Natur. Not but what some must, and partikly the writers of Politicks for the Papers ; but they ruin the Constitushun. And, besides, even Poetry is apt to get prosy after twelve or one : and some late authors read very sleepy. But as poor Robert said, what is one to do when no day is long enuff for one's work, nor no month either. And to be sure, April, June, November, and September, are all short months, but Febber-very ! However one great thing is, relaxing—if you can. As the Doctor used to say, what made Jack a dull boy—why being always in the workhouse and never at the playhouse. So get our of your gownd and slippers, says he, and put on your Best Things and unbend yourself like a Beau. If you've been at your poetical flights, go and look at Tems Tunnel ; and if you're tired of being Witty, go and spend a hour with the Wax Work. The mind requires a Change as well as the merchants. So take my advice, Sir—a mother's advice—and relax a littel. I know what it is : You want brassing, a change of Hair, and more stummuck. And you ought to ware flannin, and take tonicks. Do you ever drink Basses Pail ? It's as good as camomile Tea. But above all, there's one thing I'd recommend to you : Steal Wine. It's been a savin to sum invalids. Hoping you will excuse this liberality from a stranger, but a well-meaning one,—I am, Sir, A SUBSCRIBER.

## MESMERISM.

BY IRENE HERFNER.—(Second Article.)

Among the most interesting results yielded by the labours of recent explorers in the domain of physical science, must be reckoned the views which they have opened to us of the nature and mutual relations of those subtle and pervading agencies—call them imponderable elements, cosmic forces, or what other name best expresses the little, at bottom, we know about them—which reveal themselves to our senses in the phenomena of heat, light, electricity,

and magnetism. Intimate connections, pointing to a common origin, have been developed between these agencies, multiplying themselves at every progressive stage of the experiments to which they have been subjected. A mass of observations has exhibited them in such rigorous interdependence—the presence of any one of them involving the nearness of all the rest—as to render it very difficult to consider them otherwise than as phases of one and the same principle, modifications of some expansive ground-force and primal activity of matter, universal as gravitation, and probably antagonist thereto. To borrow the language of a distinguished reviewer :—

"The researches of all the latest inquirers seem to have left no doubt as to the identity of all the species of electricity. . . . The heating power of the magnetic fluid has now fully identified it in one of the most remarkable characteristics of electric action, with the voltaic and the common electricity ; while the magnetic influence in its turn is found to belong to them all, and common electricity is at length discovered to deflect the needle. Animal and thermo-electricity, as well as magnetic agency, decompose water. As far as their powers can be summoned into sufficient activity, they all appear to perform each other's work ; and it seems an exaggeration of tiniditudo to hesitate in pronouncing them the various manifestations of some single and pervading principle. The intimate connexion of this principle, again, with heat and with light, which is perhaps little more than the peculiar effect of the vibrations of heat upon the optic nerve, plainly associate these with the former, and invite us to expect the near approach of some decisive discovery, which, in combining them all, shall indeed lift the veil of Isis, and form before long, the great philosophical glory of the nineteenth century."

Should such "decisive discovery" ever accomplish itself, there will probably be seen, taking its place in the circle of the powers here referred to, and asserting a cognate relation to them, a fifth power—that, namely, which announces its existence in the phenomena of mesmerism. If such a power exists at all, it exists, assuredly, not in a state of insolation, as something *sui generis*, but is, with all other forces and activities that are found in the universe, a ray broken by the great world-prism of sensuous being into refractions infinitely diverse in direction and colour, the maximum of deflection being perhaps just at this point where Mesmerism shows itself.

"Many organic forces," says Passavant, "have in their working much similarity with the powers of inorganic nature, yet are not identical with these. Now since, in nature generally, subsistence is ever evolved out of subsistence, it seems more in accordance with nature's economy to contemplate the organic forces not as an absolutely new order of powers, but as modifications of those already observed in the wider field of the inorganic, the modifying agency being that of the vital principle (and the will, where this power gives to the vital principle a particular character or direction), which works upon and assimilatively transforms these powers, in the same way as it transmutes the inorganic material substances into organic. Those phenomena of electricity and light, which are subject to the individual vitality of inorganic bodies, and even to the will of certain animals, here form the transition and mediative link."

The time is not ripe for a theory of Mesmerism that will stand—a theory that will account for all phenomena observed, containing at the same time nothing that observed phenomena will not bear out. Nevertheless, theorizing is a spontaneous operation of the mind. The first facts observed suggest, however little we may be conscious of it, certain involuntary speculative stirrings within us—an obscure instinctive seeking for some common ground to refer our observations to, without which there were no alternative but to dismiss them as mere phantasms and optical illusion. While we are observing facts, our theory is silently forming itself ; for what else, indeed, is a theory but a beholding ? My theory of the Mesmeric phenomena is, in other words, my way of looking at, my view of the Mesmeric phenomena—what I see in the Mesmeric phenomena. Not to theorize is not to look, but passively to suffer the shapes of things to flit over the incognizant sense, passing away unapprehended, and without having added an impression to the store within. Let us, then, "scrutinize and record facts :" that is indispensable ; but while the eye and the registering hand are busy, let not the faculties of thought and imagination be idle : let us theorize (provisionally) as we go on, were it but to enliven the else, all too dull work of observing and recording. The very terminology of our record will depend in some measure on the theory—on the light in which, on the medium through which we see.

Now this is just what the German magnetizers have done ; they have scrutinized and recorded facts ; but facts are, to a German explorer, the characters of a mystic language, the deep sense of which he must fathom, or know no rest. Hence, in Germany, theory has from the first gone hand in hand with observation. Mesmer's own hypothesis of a fluid filling universal space, and, by reason of its extreme subtlety, freely pervading all bodies, was perhaps as apt a one as the existing state of physical science in his time could afford. Most of the early French magnetizers, influenced by the materialistic tendencies of the age, propounded views not essentially differing from this : Villars and Barberin, however, took a directly opposite course, rejecting all explanations derived from material grounds, and resolving the whole into a mysterious operation of the human will ; a doctrine which also Pusey and, after him Deleuze, adopted with little modification. The "Exegetic Society" of Stockholm, in a letter addressed to the "Society of Friends" (not Quakers) at Strasbourg, in 1778, assigned, as the sole cause of all Mesmeric effects, a supersensuous agency of angels and other spirits, which view the modern mystic school, with Von Meyer of Frankfort at its head, on the whole supports.

Weber offers a "dynamico-psychic" explanation, on the ground that "body and soul constitute man, who is the unity of these two opposite modes of being." Others, again, assume a subtle medium, the "æther" of the celebrated mathematician Euler, which they also term vital or nervous spirit. This æther is the vehicle of, and immediate agent in, all such workings, be they physical or ghostly, as seem to contradict the axiom, "nothing can act where it is not." Its vivifying presence is every where felt—in the organic as well as the inorganic region of nature, revealing itself in the latter as light and heat, electricity, and the power developed in the loadstone ; in the former as nervous force, with its modifications of animal heat, animal light (in the glow-worm and fire-fly), animal electricity (in the torpedo, as well as in the galvanic phenomena generally), and Mesmerism, or animal magnetism. It is the mediating principle between spirit and matter, between force and subject of force ; nay, it is assumed to be absolute substance and *prima materia*, the ground-element of all corporeal being, the world-essence, so to speak, of which all visible creation is a precipitate, and the higher invisible spheres of created existence a sublimation.

The most universal agency in the material world is that of gravitation : the first attribute of all body is that it gravitates, and that in constant proportion to its mass. This is the expression of the unity of corporeal nature.

But there is no body, the only property of which is weight : that is, there is

no body which is mere quantity : all bodies have their particular qualities, their essential differences, according to which they are defined. In other words, in all bodies other agencies are found to be present and operative, besides that of gravitation ; forces, which often exhibit themselves in counteraction of the great centripetal force, as in electric or magnetic attraction, in sundry chemical processes, in elasticity, and, above all, in the action of organic forces in all animal motions, and in many workings of the animal economy.

The principal of these qualitative forces are those to which reference has been made in the foregoing columns, the subtle and problematical agencies which, in their manifestation, are known to us as light, heat, electricity, and magnetism. These principles resemble one another so much in their laws and general character, that the theory of any one of them gives the type for that of all.

"The views, says Passavant, "which have been entertained, in reference to the nature of these powers, may be reduced, essentially, to two. Either they are specific material substances, which enter into and pervade other bodies, in like manner as the air insinuates itself into the interstices of many bodies, or else they are activities, motions of a corporeal medium, similar to these vibrations of elastic bodies, which announce themselves to our ear as sound."

"The transparency of the air, and of diaphanous bodies in general, is wholly inexplicable, if we suppose that a foreign body, emanating from a source of light, (for instance, the sun,) transmeets them ; for this supposition would account for their transparency, if at all, only in the direction of the rays which traverse them, whereas they are transparent in all directions."

"Such a body, which were at the same time warm, and electric or magnetic, must, on the assumption of an advening substance of light, of caloric and of an electric and magnetic fluid, be so porous that there would remain no room at all for the proper substance of the body. And yet it is just in the bodies of greatest specific density, (as the metals,) that these powers are in the highest degree operative."

"Against the emanation of light, a further argument is, that radiant bodies lose nothing of their substance, and that irradiated ones, even those which most absorb light, gain nothing. The extreme velocity, and at the same time uniform movement of light, is, on the supposition of a luciferous matter, the more inconceivable, as it is highly probable, from the resistance which, according to the observations of Encke, comets have met with in their progress, that a material substance also occupies the space between the planets and the sun. Finally, there are various optical phenomena, in particular that of the interference of light, which cannot be explained on the supposition of a luciferous matter. For, in that, through the meeting of two rays of light under certain conditions, darkness is produced, it is easy to conceive how two motions should arrest or neutralize each other, as in the case with the undulations of water and of air, (of which we have an instance in the analogous phenomenon of the interference of sound) ; but it does not so readily appear how two material substances should annihilate each other."

"The grounds which contravene the assumption of a specific matter of light, are for the most part equally forcible against that of a material caloric. The motion of radiating heat, the laws of the refraction, reflection, absorption, interference, polarisation, and double refraction of the rays of heat, all of which coincide so perfectly with those of light, hardly leave room to doubt that these are only modifications of one fundamental force."

"But as light and heat pass mutually the one into the other, so do they also present themselves as causes of electricity and magnetism. Light frequently generates heat, and heat electricity. A metallic ring, for instance, heated on one side, becomes on one side positively, on the other negatively, electric. When the two electricities combine, (or the electric tension resolves itself,) light and heat are produced. Then, electricity calls forth magnetism, and vice versa. Thus, these fundamental powers generate and determine one another, reciprocally, and so yield a ceaseless round of phenomena, manifestations of the universal vitality of nature, ever renewing themselves, under a succession of ever-varying aspects."

"As any one of these powers is ever found to evoke and determine another, it is not easy to say which of them is the original power, and base of all the rest. Every thing, however, in nature proceeds from a unity, which first develops itself into antithetic contrast of its elements, and finally re-produces itself in its unity by the reconciliation of these. As we must consider the primary qualitative force as one working expansively, and we know that heat so works, we might look on this as the primary force in question ; but since, as we have remarked, heat and light seem to be but modifications of one principle, we are led to assume, as first and fundamental power of all, fire, contemplated as *luminous heat*, or as the principle of which light and heat are alike manifestations. This principle or element, then, of fire we assume as ground of the qualities of bodies, and all the other so-called imponderables, we regard merely as modifications of this—electricity, namely, as fire become polar."

To state Passavant's theory of the imponderables, or cosmic forces, in the most general terms,—the first or ground-energy of the *prima materia*, or æther—which we must conceive as an impulsive force, acting from the centre outwards, and therefore as expansive, (though at the same time held within limits by the centripetal force of gravitation,) and which appears to us as heat, or as fire—generates, where its working is not uniform, according to thermo-electric laws, positive and negative electricity, and these two, in recovering their equilibrium, yield light. Or thus ; the æther, unequally expanded, becomes polar. Polar æther, is electricity ; the collapse of æthereal polarity is light. On which hypothesis the different imponderables were different motions, engendering different states of the æther ; which states may pass one into another—light into heat, heat into electricity. Where these motions are suspended—that is, when the æther is comparatively in a state of rest—there are exhibited cold, darkness, and cessation of the electric and magnetic tension.

This incessant alternation of electric tension and resolution in the sun's atmosphere would find a sufficient ground in the supposition of a polar antagonism between the sun and the bodies which revolve round him. For the different points of the sun's surface, as they presented themselves to any one of these orbs, would necessarily acquire an altered electric tension, thus giving room for a new equalization of electricity, that is, for a production of light. Now, as these points of (so to speak) quasi-contact are perpetually changing, (especially when we take into account the different influences of the comets,) it is evident that the balance of electricity in the sun must undergo perpetual disturbance, and be perpetually in the condition of resuming its equilibrium, which, however, it finds, only to be thrown out of it again the same moment. Thus, the generation of light and heat at every point of the sun's surface proceeds without interruption.

The action of the sun upon the earth and her atmosphere generates, as the successive parts of her surface are, by her diurnal revolution, presented to his rays, an electric current, and at right angles to this, a magnetic. Where the

influence of the sun is most direct and powerful, within the tropics, the electric light is frequently seen to traverse the atmosphere as a continuous stream, indicating a process analogous to that which we have supposed to take place in the sun himself. In our latitudes, where the electric balance is less violently shaken, the recovery of its equilibrium is announced in the separate lightning-flash. The light produced by combustion, by fracture, pressure, and friction may, as well as the solar and meteoric light, be referred to different modes of electric action.

If we know but little, and that not certainly, of the nature and origin of the imponderable agents, their effects, at least, are more familiar to us; and it may be shown that they are immediately or mediately, the causes of most of the qualities of bodies, or that they afford the conditions under which those qualities are to be developed. Colour and temperature refer themselves at once to light and heat. Heat also determines the density of bodies, or the degree of cohesion of their particles. The influences of electricity on the form of bodies is proved by the phenomena of crystallization; and this agency, as the ground of chemical affinities, presides also over the combination of the elements of which bodies are constituted. Ritter has conjectured that cohesion has its ground in magnetism.

The progress of physical research is showing more and more how great are the modifications to which these agencies are subject. The rays of heat are, no more than those of light, alike in their capability of traversing those bodies which are their proper conductors; so that, according to Melloni, we have to admit colours of heat as well as of light. Electricity presents greatly modified appearances, according as quantity or intensity predominates in its action; hence the most important differences are observable in the working of electricity, according to its immediate origin, as electricity of friction, thermo-electricity, or electro-magnetic influence. According to Delarive's observations, the electric currents themselves are not homogeneous, but present as great, and even greater differences than those observed by Melloni in the rays of heat.

From the forces of inorganic nature we pass to those the agency of which is observable in organised bodies. The alchemic power of assimilation is one of the most remarkable properties of the living organism. Recent experiments have shown that the organic principle does not merely effect new combinations of the substances which it takes up in the way of nutriment, but that it has the power of actually transforming into other substances those which our chemistry contemplates as primary or simple substances. Thus Schrader and others sowed cress in powder of sulphur, flint, oxide of lead, &c. The germinating plants were irrigated with distilled water. In the ashes of these plants were found exactly the same constituent parts which are found in the ashes of such as grow in the open field.

Now as organic bodies, by virtue of the principle of individual life that works in them, impress their own peculiar character on the substances which they take up, so do they possess the power of doing this also with the universal forces of nature. The organism takes in and interiorly subjects to itself the cosmic (ethereal) fire, which it modifies according to its own ends.

It is, on the whole, much more natural to seek in the organic forces only, modifications of those of universal nature—though how these modifications are wrought by the principle of life, remains unknown to us—than to assume a number of powers and of substances, essentially different from and without relation to those which present themselves throughout nature generally. The error is, however, to be guarded against, of making forces identical that are only analagous; of asserting, for instance, that the nervous and electric agencies are one and the same, instead of only referring them to a common ground. The organic phenomena may be expected to exhibit every where resemblance to those of light and its cognate forces, but no where entire sameness with these. In the low and imperfect organisms of certain fishes, worms and insects, these forces present themselves in their least modified form, affording hereby a presumption that in the more highly developed systems of the superior animals, and above all in our own cerebro-nervous system, as the most perfect organism existing, these universal activities are more and more altered, more and more assimilated to the principle of life and of psychic action which they serve. A higher agency nowhere, be it in the domain of nature or of spirit, abolishes or extinguishes a lower; but subdues, appropriates, and assimilates the latter to itself. The evolution of light by the glow-worm, by the minute phosphorescent *infusorium*, is a phenomenon of higher order than the gorgeous coruscations of the aurora borealis, or the terrible unloading of the thunder-charged strata of the clouds, for it is a phenomenon of life; but the process in the higher and in the lower phenomenon is at ground the same; the life that is seen directing the former does but impress its own character on the elements which it has taken from an inferior and wider sphere.

The experiments of Renger prove that the shining of the eyes of different animals at night has another ground than that of a mere reflection of the light from without. The eyes of the night-ape were observed to shine only when the darkness was very profound, and the light they then emitted was so strong as to render distinguishable objects at a distance of eighteen inches from the eye of the animal. If the *canis azarae* the shining ceased when the optic nerve was divided, or injured; but injuries of the cornea or the iris did not affect it.

The phenomenon of animal heat is too general to need being particularly dwelt upon. The extremely low temperature at which animal life can subsist, as well as the high degrees of heat which the living organism can support, proves how much this power stands under the control of the vital principle.

It is evident, from the foregoing generally, that many of the processes of organic life are nothing more than modifications of the action of the imponderables in inorganic nature, the principle of individual life being the modifying agent. The way in which the individual organs and the systems to which they belong act and re-act upon each other, resembles the modes of action observed in the imponderables. In like manner, the relation between the organism and the external world, where it is not merely mechanical, is in a great measure a mutuality of action and re-action between these elemental forces and their cognate, the nervous fluid.

The proper conductors of a dynamic working in the living body are the nerves; but that such workings also take place without the intervention of these conductors, the sympathies often observed between one particular organ and another are a proof. It often happens that the sympathizing organs stand in much slighter and less direct nervous connection with each other than with other organs lying in their neighbourhood; yet this does not lessen their mutual influence, which perfectly resembles that of two poles, of which each, notwithstanding the distance between them, determines the state and action of the other. The nature of the interjacent organs has no influence on these sympathies: the action of the engaged parts on each other is as little intercepted by the structures that separate them as that of the magnet on the iron is by an intervening slab of marble or wood.

The wonderful sympathy which subsists between mother and fetus is the

transitory link between that of organ with organ in the same body, and that of two bodies separately existing. Hence it is the key to all immediate, (or what we may call *preter organic*), actions of organic beings upon each other. For here intersect one another the orbits of our two-fold life—the individual life subsisting for itself, and the life in common with others, as parts of a whole. Every separate organ has a certain, though very subordinate, self-subsistence; a higher self-subsistence has the germinating new life with the organism of the mother; a far higher the child, that draws its sustenance from the mother's breasts; but mother and child abide yet ever inseparably bound together, be the individuality of the latter at what stage of its development it may.

A similar action of one living organism on another, without organic mediation, also takes place in the incubation of birds. A pair of cropper-pigeons—so relates Stark in his *Pathological Fragments*—had lost one of their lately hatched young, by death: to repair this loss, a young tumbler was put into the nest; while the old doves fostered this new nursling, an additional number of their own young were hatched, and this new progeny showed no resemblance to the parent-birds, but were in all respects like the nursing.

Bechstein set pigeons of a particular species to hatch the eggs of another species, varying markedly from these, both in form and colour. The young brood presented not a trace of their real parentage, but perfectly resembled their fosterers.

Thus the energy of life tells, in ever widening circles, without mediation of material conducting machinery, first from organ to organ of the same body, then upon the life germinating into separate subsistence in the midst of the mother-organism, next upon the egg already loosened from its connection with this organism, and finally upon strange eggs. The vital principle draws, under certain circumstances, even the strange organism into its sphere of action, and works on this, as on its own body; the dynamic working, in such cases, becomes at last a material, *plastic* working; the imagination, from a subjective, becomes an objective *imaging power*. Thus life acts, alchemically, upon other life, that comes into its sphere of action,—transforms, assimilates other life so itself, and makes this its own organ. Such a sympathy presents itself sometimes between wholly separate individuals, carrying us a step farther than the relation of the embryo to the mother: of this kind is the extraordinary *communio vita*, often observable between twins.

Rey gives an account of two twin brothers, of whom it seemed saying something less than nothing, to say they were like each other: you were rather inclined to say they were one man in two substances—an identity twice told, an individual who had the power of appearing double. The mental correspondence was as perfect as the bodily. They devoted themselves simultaneously to commerce; simultaneously they became tired of buying and selling, and took military service. They had so absolutely the same exterior, than any person, to whom they told their names, if they hereupon withdrew, and returned again the next minute, found it quite impossible to say which was which. Indeed, this point, which was which, seems to have been point which, to the last, never was settled to the satisfaction of any one but themselves. If there was a difference between them, they alone were privy to it. Voice and speech, manner and gesture, were the same; not a trick of hand, eye, foot, nor a pet expression, had the one, but the other had it also. The Christian name was the only distinction between them; but which was John, and which James, was a secret of which their own breasts were the sole depository, and the secret died with them.

The twin-brothers, Laustaud, male sick-nurses at the hospital St. Eloi, in Bordeaux, always took ill exactly at the same time, and both together became subjects of cataract.

The foregoing has shown us how the imaginative power of the animal soul acts immediately, that is to say, without the mediation of organs, upon strange bodies. The *rationale* of this mode of action lays open the whole region of those forces to which animal magnetism belongs.

#### MR. HAVERTY'S WANDERINGS IN SPAIN.

Mr. Martin Haverty is an Irish gentleman, who appears to have travelled a good deal in Europe, and even passed into Africa, without getting rid of a strong feeling of nationality, and a very *Irish* way of looking at every thing where Great Britain is in question. This peculiarity extends down to his style, which is very fine and eloquent-like, reminding one of the prose of *The Nation* newspaper or the bettermost speeches of the Repealers,—unless, indeed, where that subject has, to him, so much of novelty and interest that the idea of writing upon it is forgotten. He then becomes clear, concise, and agreeable, without any further touch of the Milesian than imparts a distinct savour.

Why Mr. Haverty undertook his journey does not appear; but "towards the end of the second week in January" (1843) he left "the ever gay and ever pleasant city of Paris, and wended his way towards the South," reaching Perpignan in safety in the French diligence, whence he proceeded to Barcelona by the Spanish. Here he took the steam-boat that makes the usual trip to Gibraltar, calling off Valencia, Alicante, Cartagena, and Malaga; at which towns Mr. Haverty went ashore when the weather permitted, and took advantage of a stormy detention at Malaga to make a pilgrimage to Grenada and the Alhambra. Remaining at Gibraltar some little time, he had leisure to examine the place, and ascending "the highest pinnacle of Calpe," at once enjoyed the view and took a review of Spanish history, with a glance at Mahometanism. From Gibraltar our tourist went to Cadiz; ascended the Guadalquivir to Seville; and thence travelled in the diligence by Cordova and through La Mancha to Madrid, where he saw all the lions, including a most disgusting though well-described series of bull-fights.

Among the characteristic scenes Mr. Haverty observed, the following is one of the most striking, not merely for the idea it gives of the security of life in Spain, but for the dry and business-like regularity of the close.

#### DOINGS AT MALAGA.

"I have heard it boasted of as a feat of prowess, by some foreigners in Malaga, that they returned alone to their hotel from the theatre; but I have ventured to do so myself repeatedly with impunity. One night, however, after having so returned, I witnessed a scene which would have made me reluctant to do so again. I had just retired to rest, in the hotel or Posada de Danza, in the Plaza de los Moros, when I was induced to look out of the window by an altercation outside. I saw but three persons in the street; one of them a military officer, calling his opponents ladrones and asesinos; and the others, two men who stood a few paces from the officer, returning the compliment with such epithets as p——tero, pesetero, picaronazo, &c. The officer said he was armed, and would shoot the first man that dared approach him. The others said that they were armed too, and were not afraid of him; and one of them, opening a large knife, made an attempt to close on the military man, but was shot dead on the instant. The other civilian, who was still some paces away from the officer, shouted furiously, and was coming to the assault with a pistol in one hand and a knife in the other, when another shot from the officer seemed to take effect,

for he dropped either the pistol or the knife, and ran. During this scene, several persons were looking on from the balconies, although it was near one o'clock; and some called to the officer to run for his life. Some serenos, or watchmen, came up, however, with their halberds and lanterns, and were about taking the officer off to prison; but he refused to stir until the piquet arrived, and all bore witness to the fact that the dead man still grasped a knife in his hand, and that the homicide was committed in self-defence. The next day the officer was to be seen walking about the streets of Malaga."

La Mancha would seem, from Mr. Haverty's account, to be almost worse than Ireland as regards poverty.

"This peculiar interest which the genius of Cervantes has conferred on many things in La Mancha, cannot conceal from the eyes of the traveller the extreme poverty and wretchedness under which the inhabitants evidently labour. It is the native country of nearly all the lame and blind paupers, street-criers, and wandering musicians, who are to be met with in the capital, and in a great part of Spain besides; and although many Manchegos may be led thus to follow the life of *tunantes* or vagabonds, from what has become with them a provincial taste rather than by necessity, still there is no question of the extreme indigence which they are obliged to endure in their own country. The groups of beggars I met in this part of Spain were decidedly the most squalid and wretched I have ever seen in any country; and I can never forget a harrowing scene of misfortune which I witnessed there one evening, at a short distance outside the village of Puerto Lapiche. We saw a crowd of eighteen or twenty persons collected on the road-side; and, on looking closer, I perceived in the midst of them the corpse of an old woman, haggard and ghastly, as if the flesh had been withered off the bones before life departed, and that pitiless hunger left nothing but a skeleton for Death. By the side of the body sat the spectral form of a young girl, the daughter of the deceased, weeping most piteously, and wringing her attenuated and meagre hands in an agony of despair. The mother and daughter had been endeavouring to make their way to some large town, to beg for bread; but want and fatigue thus cut short the career of one of the victims. She dropped by the road-side, and the breath of life fled before she could be carried to die under the shelter of some hospitable roof; but, although far from her home, a daughter watched by her cold death-bed, and clung fondly to her emaciated corpse, heedless of the cold-hearted stranger's presence."

Of the young Queen our author's opinion is not so favourable as of the Infanta; and if his judgment is correct, as it probably is, the prospect is not very consolatory for Spain, or for herself.

#### THE ROYAL FAMILY AT THE CORTEZ.

"Shortly after twelve o'clock, the Peers and Commoners, mustering in tolerably large numbers, took their seats, a solitary Bishop occupying one on the back benches; and two deputations—one to receive the Queen, and the other the Infanta—left the house. In a few moments, the latter deputation again made their appearance in the house; and the Infanta Dona Maria Louisa Fernanda was seen in front of the tribune prepared for her Royal Highness, robed in white and gold, and beaming with beauty and innocence. The hum of conversation was hushed as her presence was announced, and an involuntary murmur of admiration followed. She appeared as it were to realize those images of beauty and splendor with which the imagination of youth peoples the realms of Fairy-land. Although then little more than eleven years of age, she seemed to be moulded in beauty's fairest form; and, with the gracefulness and simplicity of childhood, she smiled familiarly on all she knew around her, curtseying with exquisite grace, and looking eagerly from time to time towards the tribune over her head, where her attendants were, to exchange a friendly smile.

"The curiosity to see the Princess was scarcely gratified, before the young Queen herself, accompanied by the Regent Espartero, and followed by the officers of the household, made her appearance. She is by no means so beautiful as the Infanta, but is much fairer; her figure also is good, and her neck and arms worthy of a sculptor's study; and, although at that time no more than twelve years and six months old, she seemed already to have sprung into womanhood. She was robed in white satin, waved with flowers of delicate tints, and wore a diadem of silver richly spangled with diamonds—the great golden crown having been placed on a table near the throne. Her train, which was of deep green velvet, lined with ermine, was borne by an officer of the household; and Madame Mina, the royal camarera and governante, walked behind her Majesty, dressed in the plain black costume of a Spanish lady. It was pleasing to see the fair young Queen, as soon as she entered, look earnestly around for her sister, whom perhaps the preparations for the ceremony had prevented her from seeing before on that day: she was the only relative of all her royal race that was there; and as soon as their eyes met, the undisguised pleasure of children and of sisters could be observed in both. 'How lovely the two royal orphans are!' observed a lady who sat near me.

"The Queen walked with dignity to the throne; but the manner in which she acknowledged the salutations of the Peers was neither graceful nor courteous; and, in general, the abruptness and impatience displayed in her movements contrast strongly with the natural grace of the young Infanta."

#### THE QUEEN AT CHURCH.

"The great lattice of the royal closet was drawn aside, and the young Queen and her sister appeared inside, on two thrones, that of the Infanta being at the Queen's left. When they kneeled, they appeared quite at the front of the lattice; but when sitting, the Queen was partly concealed from those on the men's side of the Chapel; and the amiable little Infanta seemed to devote perhaps too much of her attention to her royal sister, who was evidently the object of all her admiration and affection. They wore bonnets of green velvet; but on subsequent occasions I frequently saw them wear the Spanish mantilla, of which the Queen is said to be particularly fond. When the Queen's name was mentioned in the prayers at mass, the train of priests turned round and bowed to her Majesty; but she only returned the salutation with a rapid inclination of the head; and in this, as well as in her other abrupt gestures, such as starting every moment from her seat, and tossing her head about violently, she displayed not only an extremely defective education, but, it is to be feared, a sullenness and violence of disposition also. In this respect it is apprehended that she will but too strongly resemble her royal father; as she decidedly does in certain coarseness of expression about the mouth and chin, if not in the general outline of her features. On one occasion, I saw her Majesty lose temper so much, because her governess could not make her understand the parts of the office in her prayer-book, that she shut up the book in a pet, and refused to speak with her sister, who was gently endeavouring to soothe her anger."

#### LOVES OF THE LUNATICS.

"Whereas a certain crew of Lunatics have lately discovered, and taken possession of, a newly discovered planet called *the earth*—and, whereas, it is inhabited by none but a race of two-legged animals, that carry their heads on their shoulders instead of under their arms; cannot talk the lunatic language;

have two eyes instead of one; are destitute of tails, and of a horrible whiteness, instead of pea-green—therefore," &c.

*Knickerbocker's History of New York.*

#### CHAP. I.—THE RESCUE.

"—— in the neighbouring moon, as some have dreamed,  
Those agent fields more likely habitants,  
Translated saints, or middle spirits hold,  
Betwixt the angelical and human kind."—MILTON.

It was amid the wildest and most picturesque scenes near Mount Aristarchus, upon the upper horn of the Moon, that a traveller might have been seen pursuing his solitary way, late in the morning of the day upon which our story opens. His tall, dignified mien, and graceful carriage bespoke him of no ordinary rank, and would have drawn upon him the gaze of all, in the most brilliant lunar assemblies. Though clad in a heavy riding-coat of coarse thunder-cloud, and boots of the same material, there was something about him to attract a second glance, and retain the eye of an observer. His head, which he carried carelessly under his left arm, was of the most striking and intellectual cast; his spiral nose and exquisitely hooked chin of the most classic mould; his complexion of a delicate pea-green, flushed by exercise into a dark sea-green upon his cheek, while his azure locks fell around in rich profusion. The large hippocriff which he bestrode was a spirited animal, and, as it conscious of his noble burthen, stepped proudly along, fanning his burnished scales with wings of transparent gauze.

It was a still, clear day, and the sunlight poured through the translucent crystal branches, and emerald leaves of the forest, falling in variegated light upon the ground, dashed with crimson, here and there, as it caught the hues of a ruby-flowered tree. The foliage threw no shade,—the light came through it, only softened and tinged with prismatic colours;

"For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,  
But all moonshine."

Nor were there any sounds, save the tramp of the hippocriff; for the streamlets of liquid amber flowed noiselessly along, or fell over the rocks in silent cascades. At one of these halted the Man-in-the-moon, for such was the title by which, *par excellence*, our hero was known. While his panting animal eagerly quaffed the bubbling stream, he himself drew forth a gold repeater, and noting the time, after a long drawn yawn, exclaimed,

"Half past 450—hem! ninety hours to dinner time.\* Well, I can get into Lunapolis in three, and have time enough to—"

Sudden sounds here interrupted his audible soliloquy, and clapping his head upon his shoulders, he listened attentively. Not long, however, did he remain quiescent. Shriek after shriek fell in silvery, bewitching, yet piteous tones upon his ear, together with rapid knocks, and rumbling sounds, as of the concussion and rolling of heads. Reining up his hippocriff, and pointing his head to the zenith, he plunged his shooting-star spurs into the animal's scales, and, in a trice, mounted a hundred feet perpendicularly into the air. A rapid glance revealed the source of those startling sounds. Far down, in a secluded dell, he beheld a large travelling carriage, drawn by two snow-white hippocrits. Two bandits had evidently attacked it,—one was holding the furious steeds, while the other, having already knocked down the postillion with his own head had picked up that of his opponent, and was at that moment waging a fierce contest with an old man, standing near the carriage, with a fainting maiden at his side. They hurled their heads back and forth, but it was evident the old gentleman could not maintain his ground much longer, while the sure aim and superior strength of the robber told with deadly effect.

A single glance was sufficient for the Man-in-the-moon. Sailing quickly down, he took a short sweep around, and alighted upon the opposite side of the carriage. Not caring to bruise his own prepossessing countenance, he picked up the robber's head, and hurled it at its owner. The latter fell without a groan, while his companion, with great boldness and presence of mind, mounted the Man-in-the-moon's unguarded steed, and sailed away, quite safe from all pursuit. Their brave preserver ran up to the strangers, and heedless alike of the loss of his own gallant charger, and the old man's profuse acknowledgments, drew forth a little pocket gasometer, and bending over the maiden, applied it to her violet lips. A draught of the exhilarating gas slowly revived her, and our hero, reminding the old gentleman and postillion that they had better be looking for their heads, supported his fair charge, and watched attentively her returning animation.

The longer he gazed the more was he enraptured. She was dressed in a robe of the finest comet's-tail gauze, with a rich scarf of rainbow thrown over her shoulders. But her face—it was a first glimpse of Paradise to him. Never, he thought, had he seen a complexion of such pure, unmoonly green; it was like sunlight, just tinged with blue enough, in falling through the sky, to give it an emerald hue. And her chin, how elegantly it turned inwards, like the volute lip of the ocean-shell; and her nose,—how spiral and slender, like the tendril of the woodbine; and her flowing tresses,—of what a shining steel-blue; and her eyelids, just slightly parted, and giving a glimpse of those large vermillion orbs,—how like ripe strawberries, half hidden by twin leaves. But ah! they open, and as they wildly glare upon her preserver, seem almost to scorch his moustaches with their meteors-like intensity. Her lips slowly parted, disclosing teeth of brilliant jet—a slight tremor came over her, and she faintly exclaimed, "Oh, where am I? Are you that awful, *awful* robber?" "No, beauteous lady, he's gone, dead, killed. I am your preserver. Your father is here—gone for his head—he comes!"

The old gentleman here hobbled up, holding his head to his ear, and rapping it repeatedly with his cane, to make sure that it gave a clear ring, and was not fractured. Having satisfied himself of this, they both assisted the lady into the carriage. As our hero had lost his own gallant steed, he was obliged to accept the father's invitation to get in himself, and as the father occupied the whole of the back seat, he shared the front with the daughter. How delightfully that three hours' ride passed away with the two latter; how our friend found out that the old man was a rich Baron, living in a large old castle, and the lady a very agreeable lady, and an heiress, and how the Baron invited him to spend a day with him, must be left to the fruitful fancy of the reader.

#### CHAP. II.—THE MAN-IN-THE-MOON IN LOVE.

"I'll sing you an old song, that was made by an old pate,  
Of a fine old man-in-the-moon, who had an old estate,  
He kept a brave old mansion, at a bountiful old rate,  
And a good old dragon, to devour the poor at his gate,

Like a fine old man-in-the-moon, all of the olden time."

It was several of our terrene days after the events narrated in the first chapter, though the evening of the same day, as things are in the Moon, that the Man-in-the-moon sat in his private room, at the Golden Dragon in Lunapo-

\* A day in the moon is equal to fifteen of ours, that is, 360 hours long.

lis. Declining the Baron Knockrock's pressing invitation to make his home at the castle, he had taken rooms at the above mentioned fashionable Hotel,—the Astor House of the Moon. But his visits at the castle, situated just out of the city, had been neither few, nor brief, and his acquaintance with the Lady Knockrock, begun under such romantic circumstances, had already ripened into considerable intimacy. Turning a deaf ear to all the calls of fashionable dissipation, and the attractions of the Metropolis, he had found himself alone happy in her society. But, as he almost invariably saw her in the presence of the watchful and jealous old Baron, they had no opportunity for an interchange of feeling, and he was in harassing doubt how far her conduct might be interpreted in his favour. In this state of mind he now sat with his feet upon the grate, filled with a plentiful supply of burning lava, balancing the while a bell-glass of nitric acid gas in his hand, which he occasionally lowered over his head, to inhale an inspiring draught. At length he set down the bell-glass, and striking the table determinedly with his hands, pulled the bell for the waiter. The latter appeared, and stood waiting his orders.

"Here, sir," said our hero, "take my head to the barber's! Tell him to curl my moustaches and ear-locks according to the most fashionable cut. You hear, do you? Stop a moment. Tell the landlord I must have that small trotting dragon, in half an hour, at the door."

The Man-in-the-moon paced the room. At length the waiter reappeared with his head, and the Man-in-the-moon re-adjusted it upon his shoulders, and sat down. Drawing out his long, spiral, wiry nose to its utmost tension, he began to thrum it very vehemently with his fingers, accompanying it at the same time with his voice. His execution was very fine,—indeed he was accounted the best *proboscist* in the moon. Having run over some favourite airs, and satisfied himself that the tones of his instrument were not injured by the weather, he exclaimed, "Now for a serenade!" His features resumed their wonted animation. He examined his cravat, made of that species of cloud termed "cirrus," threw on a cape-cloak of fog, and sticking a small comet in his cap, by way of plume, sailed forth, mounted the dragon, and was soon out of sight.

It was a beautiful, earthshiny night, and although the Earth was in its first quarter, its light exceeded that of many of our full moons. The vast lunar city was sleeping in silence,—a silence only broken at intervals by the subdued sounds of music and revelry, as our hero passed some crystal palace or aemethyne cottage, through whose semi-transparent walls happy throngs might be seen, moving shadowily in the dance, or gathered in quiet groups. Everything is transparent in the Moon. You can see shells and petrifications deep down in the transparent rocks, knife-marks in the heart of transparent tree-trunks, and throbbing veins beneath the transparent plumage of birds. Everything is transparent but the arts and wiles of Beauty,—they are just as perplexing and inexplicable as in this sublunar sphere, and so our hero, as we shall find, subsequently thought.

As he emerged from the suburbs, and entered the country, the scene became one of still more unrivalled splendour. The soft earth-light slept calmly upon the grass, or streamed through the emerald groves, and glistened from the sparkling leaves as they were stirred by the breeze. At length the Man-in-the-moon approached the frowning castle, and, dismounting, tied his dragon securely. Stealing cautiously up to the tower where he supposed his Dulcinea was slumbering, he uncoiled the above-mentioned spiral feature (which answers the purpose of an Aeolian harp, or guitar, in the Moon,) and struck a few notes, stopping occasionally to screw up his ears, until he had brought the instrument into proper tune. Then in a firm, clear voice he sang,

"I've come to your tower, on my dragon gray,  
And both must be gone, ere the dawning of day.  
The Earth is in her shroud, but to guide thee afar  
On the neck of my dragon you shall sit, be gar.

Then wake, lady, wake, &c.

Forgive my rough words, unaccustomed to gas,  
I drank too much, perhaps, as many a man has;  
My voice has been tuned to the notes of the frog,  
That startles the sheep, when it leaps from the bog.

Then wake, lady, wake, &c."

The tones died softly away. He gazed affectingly up, with his eye fixed despairingly upon the beaming Earth. But list!—the lattice swings open, and the beautiful being, in whom all his hopes are centred, looks down,—the soft earthshine gleams upon her shining stringlets, which in turn throw plaited shadows over her dim features, and the well known voice whispers,

"Is it thou, most gallant Man-in-the-moon?"

The Man-in-the-moon only smote his heart, and gazed more wildly at the copper-coloured Earth. Then, after a moment of eloquent silence, he exclaimed, as in a trance, "Oh! that I might press my lips upon those emerald cheeks—willingly then would I be food for dragons."

"Oh, no! no!" said the same musical voice, "say you won't. Here! you may take it, only don't let it fall, and be quick." With this she took off her queenly head, and, bending down, let it fall into his anxious, grass-green lily hands. He raised it passionately to his lips, and showering upon it the most ecstatic kisses, was about to toss it back,—indeed he had stooped down to gather strength, and was poised it in his hand to take surer aim at the windows, when a rude blow from behind dropped the head to the ground. He turned and beheld, as he thought, the same identical ruffian who had attacked the carriage, and who now, pursuing the rolling head a little way, caught it up and disappeared. With the bound of an infuriated tiger, our hero sprang after him and disappeared likewise.

The headless maiden sank at first fainting against the casement; then recovering herself, as the awful truth flashed upon her mind, she threw herself upon her couch, shrieking half-audibly, "Oh, my head! my head! And he, too, will be killed, and never return. Oh my head! what will my dear father say? My head! my head!"

#### CHAP. III.—THE PURSUIT.

"Away!—away!—His breath was gone,  
He saw not where he hurried on,  
'Twas scarcely yet the break of day,  
And on he foamed—away!—away!"

MAZEPPA.

We left our hero, it will doubtless be remembered, in hot pursuit of the bandit, and the beloved head of the maiden. Never was that old saying more truly verified,—"There's many a slip 'twixt lip and lip." His faltering, half-breathed wish had been granted. He had held that beautiful head in his arms. He had gazed upon that brow and cheek, rivaling the most polished verd-antique marble in their transparent greenness. He had felt the soft luxuriance of those cerulean tresses, as they gleamed with a brighter, more heavenly blue beneath the pale earthshine. He had drunk intoxicating bliss from those violet lips, richer in hue than the purple grape, as they lay beneath the vine-like tendrils of her breeze-rocked nose. At that moment—that rapturous moment, his

cup of bliss had been rudely dashed to the moon,—the guilty hand of the midnight assassin had seized it,—he had sped away with the priceless booty to his wild haunts in the forest. What would the Baron say,—what would he do? Must his blue hairs go down in sorrow to the grave? What would become of the lovely and loved maiden? Would her head be abandoned to decay in the forest, and disappointment as saith the poet, like a mouse in a cheese, prey upon her pea-green cheek? Nay, (and, talking of cheese, oh what a curding thought!) might not the bandit be cannibals,—might they not take that queenly head for a soup-bone, and boil it and—

The idea was maddening. Wild, reckless, and infuriate, the Man-in-the-moon plunged into the dark forest. For a time he caught occasional glimpses of the fugitive, and at every glimpse seemed nerved with new energy, and sprang like a couger after his prey. But the robber eluded his grasp. His own head became giddy, and the Moon began to reel beneath his feet. Now a hundred banditti seemed to start up, and as they danced on every side, or sped before him, each laughed with demoniacal glee, and shook in defiance a hundred beautiful heads. And those heads—how mournfully looked each face, how reproachfully glared those eyes of rich vermillion, now lit into fire, which erst had gazed upon him, like those of Hildebrand's daughter, "burning yet tender." At another moment the air seemed filled with dragons, who breathed upon him hot, withering flame, and lashed and blinded him with their flapping wings. But still he hurried on, reckless of every obstacle, mounting the loftiest crags, and tearing through the dense forest, or struggling through impenetrable morasses, where the thorny branches left their lacerating wounds at every step. Often would his coiling noise become entangled, and almost hurl him down to the moon, but as often would he break away, without a thought for the safety of that delicately-toned instrument. At length it became so firmly entwined around a branch, which he had seized to swing himself across a stream of moonshine, that his head was parted from him. The branch flew up again, with its elasticity, out of his reach. He turned and, shaking his clenched hand at the suspended head, shouted "stay there then! Thine own lips told her thou wouldst be food for dragons, and thou shalt be—I yield myself to the fishes." So saying, he plunged into the stream. The moonshine dashed up its noiseless spray, a few bubbles broke upon the surface, and all again was still.

He sank to the pebbled bed, and the cooling wave chased the fever from his shoulders. A fatal calm stole over his senses,—it seemed a sweet place to repose, and the liquid moonlight as it poured its mellow current with a soothing flow around his wearied limbs, and slid softly over his drooping eyelids, was like a ministering spirit to smooth his dying pillow. With his last fleeting consciousness he watched the changing contortions of the copper Earth, as its light came tremblingly and broken through the eddies of the stream above him.

For a moment, a half-rational moment, he recalled the strange scenes of his past life, and the stranger scenes of that fearful night. But he lapsed again into a blissful trance, and thought of them only as the recollections of a dream. No thought of the past, no wish for the future could rouse him. "Heaven," saith the poet, "lies about us in our infancy," and that peaceful, child-like rest, seemed a heaven to him. He slept.

#### CHAP. IV.—THE DISCLOSURE.

"I woke.—Where was I?—Do I see  
A human face look down on me?  
And doth roof above me close?  
Do these limbs on a couch repose?  
Is this a chamber where I lie?"

BYRON.

It was morning. The Man-in-the-moon awoke—but not at the bottom of the moonshine stream. For a long time he could not collect his thoughts sufficiently to determine with any degree of accuracy where he was, or how he happened to be *anywhere* at all. At first he thought himself snugly ensconced in his room at the Golden Dragon, and just awakened from some horrible dream, in which glimmering notions of robbers and heads were, somehow or other, indistinctly mingled. Soon, however, his self-congratulations upon this were disturbed by a gradually increasing consciousness of sundry bruises and scratches, whose origin became a subject of mysterious perplexity. At length, by a clairvoyant power, and secret sympathy between himself and his head, (the only connection, in the moon, answering to our neck) he became conscious that the latter portion of his organic structure was somewhere in the vicinity. Reaching around, he found it by his side, placed it upon his shoulders, rubbed his eyes, and proceeded to inspect the apartment. Instead of a carpeted and tapestry chamber, he found himself in a small, dungeon-like room, with bare stone walls and a grated window,—all together a scene, the like of which he could not by any process remember to have met with, in the course of his own personal experience. The twilight streamed in at the opposite window, and with painful effort he rose to his feet, and staggered towards it. He could discover nothing but an unbroken forest without, and so turning back, he propped up his head where the light might fall upon it, and retiring a few steps, sat calmly down to contemplate it with his chin resting upon his hands, and his elbows upon his knees.

"I'll eat my head," he soliloquized, "if I believe it is my own. How horribly it is disfigured,—I must have exchanged it with some one by mistake. And yet that can't be. No man in all the moon has such another pair of moustaches, or such a nose, though rather short for mine. But an inch on a man's nose, as they say, makes no difference, and if there is an inch or two off, no one will notice it,—especially, considering it is a foot longer now than the generality. But the tone!—the tone!—it will alter the pitch though,—my friends won't know my voice. Here," he continued, stepping up, and giving it a twang, "it is an octave higher at least. Well, well, it makes no manner of difference. Ah! I know now it was not all a dream. The robbers have found, and brought me to their den. I must pine away captive here, or be shot, and that—ugh! that detestable old Knockrock and his poor, foolish, silly, simpering daughter,—her head is gone, the Man-in-the-Earth only knows where. Confound her and her head too! The next time you catch me serenading,—but hark!—they are coming now to strangle me, no doubt."

His soliloquy was here interrupted by the creaking of his prison door, as it slowly opened. A fierce, strange-looking lunatic entered, with a large staff in his hand. Without uttering a word, he motioned the Man-in-the-moon to follow, and the Man-in-the-moon, feeling quite reckless in regard to his fate, and at all events perfectly willing to leave his gloomy abode, bowed very coolly to the strange-looking lunatic, and proceeded to follow. After groping through several dark corridors, and up numberless flights of stairs, the robber, as our hero supposed him to be, threw open a door, and stepping aside, bowed him in with great deference and ceremony.

He entered, and lo! what did he behold but the Baron Knockrock's dining hall, and the identical Baron Knockrock himself; and the same dear, bewitching Miss Knockrock herself, and all seated around the table, with its steaming dishes, and a vacant seat for him. Our hero paused. A frown was on his

brow. His hand moved unconsciously towards his head, as if he would hurl it at the Baron. But the Baron, though apparently ready to split himself with laughter, advanced and pressed him in the most cordial terms to be seated, and make himself at home.

"What does all this mean?" at length broke forth our hero. "What am I to understand by being incarcerated in that dungeon? Even though you found me in the forest, and rescued me from untimely death, what does this conduct mean?"

"Oh, I will explain it all—I will explain it all," said the Baron, rubbing his hands, "come, sit down,—we will settle it all over a bottle of gas."

The Man-in-the-moon cast a glance at the beauteous maiden. Never, thought he, looked she so enchanting. The same head he had held the night before was there; the same purple lips he had so rapturously pressed; the same, in short, he had so suddenly been robbed of, and so frantically pursued. Her eyes were cast down, and her rich, clustering eyelashes hung in long ringlets over her dimpled cheeks,—he could not resist—he advanced, and sinking into the seat mechanically, gazed in a kind of bewilderment alternately at the old gentleman and the maiden. "Come, come, my daughter," said the old man, "it is all over now. I meant to give you both a good lesson. Here, my dear sir, try this exhilarating gas—it was put up just twenty years since."

So saying he raised the bottle to his nose, and turning the former around several times, until he had fairly inserted the latter wiry, spiral feature in the cork, drew the same forth with a loud pop.

"Did you ever hear?" continued the Baron, with great volubility, "how our ancestors proceeded, when they used their noses for corkscrews? I will tell you. It illustrates, sir, the progress of society. Why, they set the bottle down on the floor, and pointing their nasal appendages at the cork, swung themselves around in a circle, by walking upon their hands, until the cork was far enough penetrated. At length some ingenious person struck upon the very happy, and much easier expedient of sitting still himself, and turning the bottle round. Here, try a glass, it will refresh you."

"Indeed, sir," replied our hero, drawing haughtily back, "I cannot partake of your hospitality, until I hear your proposed explanation."

"Oh well, I forgot—you shall have that," replied he. "You see, my young friend, I am particular about my night's rest—very,—can't be disturbed by such outlandish noises—this new fangled way of thrumming and singing under one's windows. Young people had better be at home. It's all absurd to be exposing yourself o' nights in that way. I wanted to give you both a salutary lesson. So I sent my servants, disguised as banditti, one of them just brought my daughter's head to me, and the rest I despatched to look after you. It is well they rescued you from a moonshiny grave. Now, my dears, let me advise you to follow the regular, old-fashioned way. Never let me hear any more serenading."

"I'll promise you that!" said our hero, breaking into a loud laugh himself, and grasping the old man's hand, and then taking that of the daughter in his own, who now looked up with a sweeter smile, and a thousand more dimples than ever before.

#### CHAP. V.

"The moon is all a fleeting show,  
For man's illusion given."

MOORE.

If our hero's thoughts as he rode slowly towards the castle of Knockrock, late in the day which opened with the joyous surprise, and happy meeting around the Baron's breakfast-table,—if our hero's thoughts did not find utterance in the words of our motto, it was not because they would not have very happily expressed those thoughts, but rather, we are forced to believe, because his reading, as far as Tom Moore is concerned, had been somewhat limited. Never was man in greater doubt, since the days of the doubting Governor of New Amsterdam, than was the Man-in-the-moon. The face of his loved one had at times shone upon him, all cloudless like the face of heaven,—like that heaven not less in its ethereal blue, than in the up-turned crescent of her smiling mouth, as it were the first thin line of the new Earth seen in a sunset sky, and the countless dimples twinkling like numberless stars. But, ever and anon, that face became cold and clouded; those lips were no longer wreathed in smiles; and those dimples—how each would yawn like a little maelstrom, where many a poor heart had, and his might yet go down "unknoll'd, unconfid'd, and unknown!"

"Oh woman," thought he, "thou art indeed the ancient Sphinx—thy smiles are the enigmas, and us Lunatics thou devourest, not with thy own teeth of brilliant jet, but with the invisible teeth of despair." With this he tossed his head, with mingled air of desperation and resolve, and continued, "Here I am chasing a shadow—grasping at air. 'Twas not enough that I perilled life for her head. I have run up a terrifying bill for saddle-dragons, my tailor is impatient, and my credit is exhausted for Eau-de-camphor and ottar of onions. The perfection of this cold, heartless moon is, by some mysterious law of Nature, always imperfect. Her form, her mind is perfect, but as for heart, she has nothing that bears the slightest resemblance to one. Ah me! well says the poet,

"'Twas ever thus since childhood's hour,  
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;  
I never nursed a hippocriff  
To glad me with its yellow eye,  
But, when it came to know me well,  
'Twas always sure to run away."

Well, here is the castle. Let me think, she said her friend from the city, Miss Slightshock would be here to-day. How very unfortunate that she should have company now."

At this moment he entered the castle, and was ushered into the drawing room. The Baron looked up from his paper, over his spectacles, and bowed him in. Miss Knockrock, suddenly suffused with the deepest sea-green, rose to welcome him, and introduced him to Miss Slightshock, who honoured him with the most imperceptible inclination possible of her head, and the most inarticulate repetition possible of his name. After the usual preliminaries touching lunar weather, and all available topics had been exhausted, the Man-in-the-moon, though he held pianos in utter detestation, declared himself in famishing want of music. Miss Knockrock referred him to Miss Slightshock—Miss Slightshock referred him to Miss Knockrock. An interesting but amicable controversy here followed, highly conducive to the heightening of our hero's opinion of the unaffected modesty of each, and, at the same time, by a perfectly artless process of mutual compliment, to the exalting of his ideas of their matchless power of voice and skill upon the instrument in question. Pending this, and while Miss Slightshock, whose scruples had been miraculously overcome, was tumbling over the notes of what she knew only by rote, the Baron took occasion to call the attention of the Man-in-the-moon to the history and internal structure of the instrument.

"The strings of this piano," said he, "you will observe, are the nasal ap-

pendages of the long line of my ancestors. As often as one of the house of Knockrock dies, his or her nose is added to the number. It is thus that being dead they yet speak. This B. natural and E flat," continued he, striking some of the lowest keys, "are those of my great-grandfather and his wife. It is said they never could chord together very well while living. This D in alto is that of an infant uncle of mine who died in the cradle,—perhaps you have seen my daughter's verses about it. But my own nose," added he, "is an octave lower than any. When it comes to be added, however, to the rest, it will come in very well, I think, for the distant guns in the Battle of Prague, and such pieces. Come, Miss Slighty," said he familiarly, "play that, and I will give the distant guns myself."

The old gentleman retired into another corner of the room to do the artillery. Miss Slightshock took the piano stool, and touched the keys, with the most geometrical precision in the adjustment of her person, thus forming a great many angles in addition to those of her naturally angular figure, viz.: a right angle at her elbows, a right angle at her wrists, another at her knuckles, another at the first joint of her fingers, and another at the second. Tossing her head back, to the imminent danger of losing it over her shoulders, she began, while Miss Knockrock, unconsciously of course, kept time with a gentle oscillation of her person, and our hero stood, as in duty bound, with his eyes riveted upon the ceiling in a state of the most rapt, entranced, breathless admiration.

But although the Battle of Prague seemed likely to last as long as the one in Joshua's time, it did not exhaust the strength of Miss Slightshock. Songs and waltzes followed, until our hero had used up all the attitudes of admiration and interrogation which he could command, and all the exclamations of "Very plaintive,"—"Sweet thing,"—"Beautiful!" and all those unaffectedly eager enquiries, "What is the name of that?" "Never heard it before," although the airs in question had, in nine cases out of ten, been running in his head for years.

At length the parting rays of the setting sun, as they streamed in at the window, recalled our friends to the consciousness of their *moon* existence, and the Man-in-the-moon proposed to walk. After a few moments the ladies appeared in hoods of startling dimensions, and carrying earth-shades or paraterras, rendered more than correspondingly deficient in size by contrast. But our hero's tribulations had not ended. When they started from the castle, by some chance, Miss Knockrock was next to him. But from some conviction of impropriety or modesty on her part, she suddenly whirled around Miss Slightshock, thus bringing that lady in juxtaposition with him. But the precise Miss Slightshock would not abide this. The gentleman was a stranger, thought she, and moreover he and Miss Knockrock were special friends, therefore she would not walk between them, not she, therefore she whirled around upon the other side of Miss Knockrock. Miss Knockrock, however, who was a little wilful and malicious perhaps, was not to be outwitted, and soon repeated the process. Thus they walk on, the ladies continuing their gyratory amusement, until they reached a dell, through which flowed a stream. Miss Knockrock sat down at the foot of a cascade of foaming moonshine, and so did the Man-in-the-moon, while Miss Slightshock, who was not less scientific than musical, strolled up the glen to gather flowers.

For a long time our hero and heroine sat in silence, looking intently into the stream, and splashing the foam, the one with his cane, the other with the handle of her earthshade.

"How beautiful are those bubbles!" said our heroine. "How often I have watched them, clinging together as they sail around in the eddies at the foot of this fall, until they glide into the current, and, parting at the brim of the pool, sweep down the stream and burst forever!"

"Yes, dear Miss Knockrock," warmly replied the Man-in-the-moon, "how often I have thought of them as emblems of life. We sail awhile around in the eddying whirl of joy, and are then parted forever to sweep down the tide of future years. Well did some writer say, 'This moon is made up of partings and meetings.' And must we too part soon and forever? Will you decree it, or shall our lives flow on together?"

The fair Lunatic hung her head, as the mantling, eloquent sea-green suffused her cheek, and chased away the brighter emerald of its wonted hue; our hero took within his her willingly yielded hand, and besought again and again an answer.

At length she silently handed him her head. He raised it in his arms, and acknowledging the token of his successful suit, kissed it rapturously, and returned it with lingering delay. And thus the Man-in-the-moon wooed and won his lady, and thus did she become at length the Lady-in-the-moon. Miss Slightshock was bridesmaid. Further, our deponent, a fairy who slid down to Earth on a moonbeam, and breathed in our ear this veritable tale one summer's night, saith not.

#### DUMAS IN HIS CURRICLE.

From "Blackwood's Magazine," for March.

[Concluded.]

Strange as it may appear, we should be heartily sorry if M. Dumas were to exchange his evident dislike of us for a more kindly feeling. We should then lose some of his best stories; for he is never more rich and amusing than when he shows up the sons and daughters of *la perfide Albion*. In support of our assertion, take the following sketch:

"During my stay at Naples an Englishman arrived there, and took up his quarters at the hotel at which I was staying. He was one of those phlegmatic, overbearing, obstinate Britons, who consider money the engine with which everything is to be moved and all things accomplished, the argument in short which nothing can resist. Money was everything in his estimation of mankind; talent, fame, titles, mere feathers that kicked the beam the moment a long rent-roll or inscription of three per cent were placed in the opposite scale. In proportion as men were rich or poor, did he esteem them much or little. Being very rich himself, he esteemed himself much.

"He had come direct to Naples by steam, and during the voyage had made this calculation: With money I shall say everything, and do everything, and have everything I please. He had not long to wait to find out his mistake. The steamer cast anchor in the port of Naples just half an hour too late for the passengers to land. The Englishman, who had been very sea-sick, and was particularly anxious to get on shore, sent to offer the captain of the port a hundred guineas if he would let him land directly. The quarantine laws at Naples are very strict; the captain of the port thought the Englishman was mad, and only laughed at his offer. He was therefore obliged to sleep on board in an excessively bad humor, cursing alike those who made the regulations and those who enforced them.

"The first thing he did when he got on shore, was to set off to visit the ruins of Pompeii. There happened to be no regular guide at hand, so he took a *lazzarone* instead. He had not forgotten his disappointment of the night

before, and all the way to Pompeii he relieved his mind by abusing King Ferdinand in the best Italian he could muster. The lazzarone, whom he had taken into his carriage, took no notice of this so long as they were on the high-road. Lazzaroni, in general, meddle very little in politics, and do not care how much you abuse king or kaiser so long as nothing disrespectful is said of the Virgin Mary, St. Januarius, or Mount Vesuvius. On arriving, however, at the *Via dei Sepolchri*, the ragged guide put his finger on his lips as a signal to be silent. But his employer either did not understand the gesture, or considered it beneath his dignity to take notice of it, for he continued his invectives against Ferdinand the Well-beloved.

"Pardon me, Excellenza," said the lazzarone at last, placing his hand upon the side of the barouche, and jumping out as lightly as a harlequin. "Pardon me, Excellenza, but I must return to Naples."

"And why so?" inquired the other in his broken Italian.

"Because I do not wish to be hung."

"And who would dare to hang you?"

"The king."

"Why?"

"Because you are speaking ill of him."

"An Englishman has a right to say whatever he likes."

"It may be so, but a lazzarone has not."

"But you have said nothing."

"But I hear everything."

"Who will tell what you hear?"

"The invalid soldier who accompanies us to visit Pompeii."

"I do not want an invalid soldier."

"Then you cannot visit Pompeii."

"Not by paying!"

"No."

"But I will pay double, treble, four times, whatever they ask."

"No, no, no."

"Oh!" said the Englishman, and he fell into a brown study, during which the lazzarone amused himself by trying to jump over his own shadow.

"I will take the invalid," said the Englishman after a little reflection.

"Very good," replied the lazzarone, "we will take him."

"But I shall say just what I please before him."

"In that case I wish you a good morning."

"No, no; you must remain."

"Allow me to give you a piece of advice then. If you want to say what you please before the invalid, take a deaf one."

"Oh!" cried the Englishman, delighted with the advice, "by all means a deaf one. Here is a piaster for you having thought of it." The lazzarone ran to the guard-house, and soon returned with an old soldier who was as deaf as a post.

"They began the usual round of the curiosities, during which the Englishman continued calling King Ferdinand anything but a gentleman, of all which the invalid heard nothing, and the lazzarone took no notice.

They visited the *Via dei Sepolchri*, the houses of Diomedes and Cicero. At last they came to Sallust's house, in one of the rooms of which was a fresco that hit the Englishman's fancy exceedingly. He immediately sat down, took a pencil and a blank book from his pocket, and began copying it. He had scarcely made a stroke, however, when the soldier and the lazzarone approached him. The former was going to speak, but the latter took the words out of his mouth.

"Excellenza," said he, "it is forbidden to copy the fresco."

"Oh!" said the Englishman, "I must make this copy. I will pay for it."

"It is not allowed, even if you pay."

"But I will pay ten times its value, if necessary; I must copy it, it is so funny."

"If you do, the invalid will put you in the guard-room."

"Pshaw! An Englishman has a right to draw anything he likes." And he went on with his sketch. The invalid approached him with an inexorable countenance.

"Pardon me, Excellenza," said the lazzarone; "but would you like to copy not only this fresco, but as many more as you please?"

"Certainly I should, and I will too."

"Then, let me give you a word of advice. Take a blind invalid."

"Oh!" cried the Englishman, still more enchanted with this second hint than with the first. "By all means, a blind invalid. Here are two piasters for the idea."

They left Sallust's house, the deaf man was paid and discharged, and the lazzarone went to the guard-room, and brought back an invalid who was stone-blind and led by a black poodle.

The Englishman wished to return immediately to continue his drawing, but the lazzarone persuaded him to delay it, in order to avoid exciting suspicion. They continued their rambles, therefore, guided by the invalid, or rather by his dog, who displayed a knowledge of Pompeii that might have qualified him to become a member of the antiquarian society. After visiting the blacksmith's shop, Fortunata's house, and the public oven, they returned to the abode of Sallust, where the Englishman finished his sketch, while the lazzarone chatted with the blind man, and kept him amused. Continuing their lounge, he made a number of other drawings, and in a couple of hours his book was half full.

At last they arrived at a place where men were digging. There had been discovered a number of small busts and statues, bronzes, and curiosities of all kinds, which, as soon as they were dug up, were carried in to a neighboring house. The Englishman went into this house, and had his attention speedily attracted by a little statue of a satyr about six inches high. "Oh!" cried he, "I shall buy this figure."

"The king of Naples does not wish to sell it," replied the lazzarone.

"I will give its weight in sovereigns—double its weight even."

"Tell you it is not to be sold," persisted the lazzarone; "but," added he, changing his tone, "I have already given your excellency two pieces of advice which you liked, I will now give you a third: Do not buy the statue—steal it."

"Oh—oh! that will be very original, and we have a blind invalid too. Capital!"

"Yes, but the invalid has a dog, who has two good eyes and sixteen good teeth, and who will fly at you if you so much as touch anything with your little finger."

"I'll buy the dog, and hang him."

"Do better still: take a lame invalid. Then, as you have seen nearly everything here, put the figure in your pocket and run away. He may call out as much as he likes, he will not be able to run after you."

"Oh!" cried the Englishman, in convulsions of delight, "here are three piasters for you. Fetch me a lame invalid."

"And in order not to excite the suspicions of the blind man and his dog, he left the house, and pretended to be examining a fountain made of shell-work, while the lazzarone went for a third guide. In a quarter of an hour he returned, accompanied by an invalid with two wooden legs. They gave the blind man three carlini, two for him and one for his dog, and sent him away.

"The theatre and the temple of Isis were all that now remained to be seen. After visiting them, the Englishman, in the most careless tone he could assume, said he should like to return to the house in which were deposited the produce of the researches then making. The invalid, without the slightest suspicion, conducted them thither, and they entered the apartment in which the curiosities were arranged on shelves nailed against the wall.

"While the Englishman lounged about, pretending to be examining everything with the greatest interest, the lazzarone busied himself in fastening a stout string across the doorway, at the height of a couple of feet from the ground.

When he had done this, he made a sign to the Englishman, who seized the little statue that he coveted from under the very nose of the astounded invalid, put it into his pocket, and, jumping over the string, ran off as hard as he could, accompanied by the lazzarone. Darting through the Stabian gate, they found themselves on the Salerno road—an empty hackney coach was passing, the Englishman jumped in, and had soon rejoined his carriage, which was waiting for him in the *Via dei Sepolchri*. Two hours after he had left Pompeii he was at Torre del Greco, and in another hour at Naples.

As to the invalid, he at first tried to step over the cord fastened across the door, but the height which the lazzarone had fixed it was too great for wooden legs to accomplish. He then endeavored to untie it, but with no better success; for the lazzarone had fastened it in a knot compared to which the one of Gordian celebrity would have appeared a mere s'ip-knot. Finally, the old soldier, who had perhaps read of Alexander the Great, determined to cut what he could not untie, and accordingly drew his sword. But the sword in its best days had never had much edge, and now it had none at all; so that the Englishman was halfway to Naples while the invalid was still sawing away at his cord.

The same evening the Englishman left Naples on board a steamboat, and the lazzarone was lost in the crowd of his comrades; the six piasters he had got from his employer enabling him to live in what a lazzarone considers luxury for nearly as many months.

The Englishman had been twelve hours at Naples, and had done the three things that are most expressly forbidden to be done there. He had abused the king, copied frescoes, and stolen a statue, and all owing, not to his money, but to the ingenuity of a lazzarone."

The lazzarone is a godsend for M. Dumas, an admirable peg upon which to hang his quaint conceit and sly satire; and he is accordingly frequently introduced in the course of the three volumes. We must make room for one more extract, in which he figures in conjunction with his friend the sbirro or gendarme, who, before being invested with a uniform, and armed with carbine, pistols, and sabre, has frequently been a lazzarone himself, and usually preserves the instincts and tastes of his former station. The result of this is a coalition between the lazzarone and the sbirro—law-breaker and law preserver uniting in a systematic attack upon the pockets of the public.

I was one day passing down the Toledo, when I saw a sbirro arrested. Like La Fontaine's huntsman, he had been insatiable, and his greediness brought its own punishment. This is what had happened.

A sbirro had caught a lazzarone in the fact.

What did you steal from that gentleman in black, who just went by?" demanded he.

"Nothing, your excellency," replied the lazzarone. A lazzarone always addresses a sbirro as *excellenza*.

"I saw your hand in his pocket."

"His pocket was empty."

"What? Not a purse, a snuff box, a handkerchief?"

"Nothing, please your excellency. It was an author."

"Why do you go to those sort of people?"

"I found out my mistake too late."

"Come along with me to the police-office."

"But, your excellency—since I have stolen nothing?"

"Idiot! that's the very reason. If you had stolen some hing, we might have arranged matters."

"Only wait til next time. I shall not always be so unfortunate. I promise you the contents of the next person who passes."

"Very good; but I will select the individual, or else you will be making a bad choice again."

"As your excellency pleases."

The sbirro folded his arms in a most dignified manner, and leaned his back against a post; the lazzarone stretched himself on the pavement at his feet. A priest came by, then a lawyer, then a poet; but the sbirro made no sign. At last there appeared a young officer, dressed in brilliant uniform, who passed gayly along, humming between his teeth a tune of the last opera. The sbirro gave the signal. Up sprang the lazzarone and followed the officer. Both disappeared round a corner. Presently the lazzarone returned with his ransom in his hand.

"What have you got there?" said the sbirro.

"A handkerchief," replied the other.

"Is that at?"

"That all! It is of the finest cambric."

"Had he only one?"

"Only one in that pocket."

"And in the other?"

"In the other he had a silk handkerchief."

"Why didn't you bring it?"

"I keep that for myself, excellency. It is fair that we should divide the profits. One pocket for you, the other for me."

"I have a right to both, and I must have the silk handkerchief."

"But, your excellency—"

"I must have the silk handkerchief."

"It is an injustice."

"Ho! Do you dare speak ill of his majesty's sbirri? Come along to prison."

"You shall have the silk handkerchief, your excellency."

"How will you find the officer again?"

"He has gone to pay a visit in the Strada de Foria. I will go and wait for him at the door."

The lazzerone walked away, turned the corner of the street, and established himself in the recess of a doorway. Presently the young officer came out of a house opposite, and before he had gone ten paces, put his hand in his pocket, and found he was minus a handkerchief.

"Pardon me, excellency, said the lazzerone, stepping up to him; 'you have lost something, I think?'

"I have lost a cambric handkerchief."

"Your excellency has not lost it; it has been stolen from him."

"And who stole it?"

"What will your excellency give me if I find him the thief?"

"I will give you a piastre."

"I must have two."

"You shall. Hailo! What are you doing?"

"I am stealing your silk handkerchief."

"In order to find my cambric one?"

"Yes."

"And where will they both of them be?"

"In the same pocket. The person to whom I shall give this handkerchief is the same to whom I have already given the other. Follow me, and observe what I do."

The officer followed the lazzerone, who gave the handkerchief to the sbirro, and walked away. The latter had hardly put his prize in his pocket when the officer came up and seized him by the collar. The sbirro fell on his knees, but the officer was inexorable, and he was sent to prison. As the sbirro had himself been a lazzerone, he saw at once the trick that had been played him. He wanted to cheat his confederate, and his confederate had cheated him; but far from bearing him malice for having done so, the sbirro views the conduct of the lazzerone in the light of an exploit, and feels an additional respect for him in consequence. When he is released from prison, he will seek him out, and they will be hand and glove together. When that time comes, look to your pockets."

We are introduced to Ferdinand IV. of Naples, King Nasone, as the lazzeroni nickname named him; also to Padre Rocco, a popular preacher, and the idol of the lower classes of Neapolitans; and to Cardinal Petelli, remarkable for his simplicity, which quality, as may be supposed, loses nothing in passing through the hands of his present biographer. With his usual skill, M. Dunas glides from a ticklish story of which the cardinal is the hero, (a story that he does not tell, for which forbearance we give him due credit, since he is evidently sorely tempted thereto,) to an account of the Vardarelli, a band of outlaws which for some time infested Calabria and the Capitanato.

Gaetano Vardarelli was a native of Calabria, and one of the earliest members of the revolutionary society of the Carbonari. When Murat, after some time favoring that society, began to persecute it, Vardarelli fled to Sicily, and took service under King Ferdinand. He was then twenty-six years of age, possessing the muscles and courage of a lion, the agility of a chamois, the eye of an eagle. Such a recruit was not to be despised, and he was made sergeant in the Sicilian guards. On Ferdinand's restoration in 1815, he followed him to Naples; but finding that he was not likely ever to rise above a very subordinate grade, he became disgusted with the service, deserted, and took refuge in the mountains of Calabria. There two of his brothers, and some thirty brigands and outlaws, assembled around him and elected him their chief, with right of life and death over them. He had been a slave in the town; he found himself a king in the mountains.

Proceeding according to the old formula observed by banditti chiefs, both in Calabria and in melodramas, Vardarelli proclaimed himself redresser-general of wrongs and grievances, and acted up to his profession by robbing the rich and assisting the poor. The consequence was, that he soon became exceedingly popular among the latter class; and at last his exploits reached the ears of King Ferdinand himself, who was highly indignant at such goings on, and gave orders that the bandit should immediately be hung. But there are three things necessary to hang a man—a rope, a gallows, and the man himself. In this instance, the first two were easily found, but the third was unfortunately wanting. Gendarmes and soldiers were sent after Vardarelli, but the latter was too cunning for them all, and slipped through their fingers at every turn. His success in eluding pursuit increased his reputation, and recruits flocked to his standard. His band soon doubled its number, and its leader became a formidable and important person, which of course was an additional reason for the authorities to wish to capture him. A price was set on his head, large bodies of troops sent in search of him, but all in vain.

One day the Prince of Leperano, Colonel Calcedonio, Major Delponte, with a dozen other officers, and a score of attendants, were hunting in a forest a few leagues from Bar, when the cry of "Vardarelli!" was suddenly heard. The party took to flight with the utmost precipitation, and all escaped except Major Delponte, who was one of the bravest, but, at the same time, one of the poorest officers of the whole army. When he was told that he must pay a thousand ducats for his ransom, he only laughed, and asked where he was to get such a sum. Vardarelli then threatened to shoot him if it was not forthcoming by a certain day. The major replied that it was losing time to wait; and that, if he had a piece of advice to give his captor, it was to shoot him at once. The bandit at first felt half inclined to do so; but he reflected that the less Delponte cared about his life, the more ought Ferdinand to value it. He was right in his calculation; for no sooner did the king learn that his brave major was in the hands of the bandit, than he ordered the ransom to be paid out of his privy purse, and the major recovered his freedom.

But Ferdinand had sworn the extermination of the banditti with whom he was thus obliged to treat as from one potentate to another. A certain colonel, whose name I forget, and who heard this vow, pledged himself, if a battalion were put under his command, to bring in Vardarelli, his two brothers, and the sixty men composing his troop, bound hand and foot, and to place them in the dungeons of the Vicaria. The offer was too good to be refused; the minister of war put five hundred men at the disposal of the colonel, who started with them at once in pursuit of the outlaw. The latter was soon informed by his spies of this fresh expedition, and he also made a vow, to the effect that he would cure his pursuer, once and for all, of any disposition to interfere with the Vardarelli.

He began by leading the poor colonel such a dance over hill and dale, that the unfortunate officer and his men were worn out with fatigue; then, when he saw them in the state that he wished, he caused some false intelligence to be conveyed to them at two o'clock one morning.

The colonel fell into the snare, and started immediately to surprise Vardarelli, whom he was assured was in a little village at the further extremity of a narrow pass, through which only four men could pass abreast. He made such haste that he marched four leagues in two hours, and at daybreak found

himself at the entrance of the pass, which, however, seemed so peculiarly well adapted for an ambuscade, that he halted his battalion, and sent on twenty men to reconnoitre. In a quarter of an hour the twenty men returned. They had not met a single living thing. The colonel hesitated no longer, and entered the defile; but, on reaching a spot about half way through it, where the road widened out into a sort of platform surrounded by high rocks and steep precipices, a shout was suddenly heard, proceeding apparently from the clouds, and the poor colonel looking up, saw the summits of the rocks covered with Brigandos, who levelled their rifles at him and his soldiers. Nevertheless, he began forming up his men as well as the nature of the ground would permit, when Vardarelli himself appeared upon a projecting crag. "Down with your arms, or you are dead men!" he shouted in a voice of thunder. The bandits repeated his summons, and the echoes repeated their voices, so that the troops, who had not made the same vow as their colonel, and who thought themselves surrounded by greatly superior numbers, cried out for quarter, in spite of the entreaties and menaces of their unfortunate commander. Then Vardarelli, without leaving his position, ordered them to pierce their arms, and march to two different places which he pointed out to them. They obeyed; and Vardarelli, leaving twenty of his men in their ambush, came down with the remainder, who immediately proceeded to render the Neapolitan muskets useless (for the moment at least) by the same process which Gulliver employed to extinguish the conflagration of the palace at Lilliput.

The news of this affair put the king in very bad humor for the first twenty-four hours; after which time, however, the love of a joke overcoming his anger, he laughed heartily, and told the story to every one he saw; and as there are always lots of listeners when a king narrates, three years elapsed before the poor colonel ventured to show his face at Naples and encounter the ridicule of the court.

The general commanding in Calabria takes the matter rather more seriously, and vows the destruction of the banditti. By offers of large pay and privileges, they are induced to enter the Neapolitan service, and prove highly efficient as a troop of gendarmes. But the general cannot forget his old grudge against them; although, for lack of an opportunity, and on account of the desperate character of the men, he is obliged to defer his revenge for some time. At last he succeeds in having their leader assassinated, and by pretending great indignation, and imprisoning the perpetrators of the deed, he lulls the suspicions of the remaining bandits, who elect new officers, and, on an appointed day, proceed to the town of Foggia to have their election confirmed. Only eight of them, apprehensive of treachery, refuse to accompany their comrades. The remaining thirty-one, and a woman who would not leave her husband, obey the general's summons.

It was a Sunday, the review had been publicly announced, and the square was thronged with spectators. The Vardarelli entered the town in perfect order, and armed to the very teeth, but giving no sign of hostility or mistrust. On reaching the square, they raised their sabres, and with one voice cried "Viva il Re!" The general appeared on his balcony to acknowledge their salute. The aide-de-camp on duty came down to receive them, and after complimenting them on the beauty of their horses and good state of their arms, desired them to file past under the general's window, which they did with a precision worthy of regular troops. They then formed up again in the middle of the square, and dismounted.

The aide-de-camp went into the house again with the list of the three new officers; the Vardarelli were standing by their horses; when suddenly there was a great confusion and movement in the crowd, which opened in various places, and down every street leading to the square, a column of Neapolitan troops was seen advancing.

The Vardarelli were surrounded on all sides. Perceiving at once that they were betrayed, they sprang upon their horses and drew their sabres; but at the same moment the general took off his hat, which was the signal agreed upon; the command, "Faccia in terra," was heard, and the spectators, throwing themselves on their faces, the soldiers fired over them, and nine of the brigands fell to the ground, dead or mortally wounded. Those who were unharmed, seeing that they had no quarter to expect, dismounted, and forming a compact body, fought their way to an old castle in which they took refuge. Two only, trusting to the speed of their horses, charged the group of soldiers that appeared the least numerous, shot down two of them, and succeeded in breaking through the others and escaping. The woman owed her life to a similar piece of daring, effected, however, on another point of the enemy's line. She broke through, and galloped off, after having discharged both her pistols with fatal effect.

The attention of all was now turned to the remaining twenty Vardarelli, who had taken refuge in the ruined castle. The soldiers advanced against them, encouraging one another, and expecting to encounter an obstinate resistance; but to their surprise, they reached the gate of the castle without a shot being fired at them. The gate was soon beaten in, and the soldiers spread themselves through the halls and galleries of the old building. But all was silence and solitude; the bandits had disappeared.

After an hour passed in rummaging every corner of the place, the assailants were going away in despair, convinced that their prey had escaped them; when a soldier, who was stooping down to look through the air-hole of a cellar, fell, shot through the body.

The Vardarelli were discovered; but still it was no easy matter to get at them.

Instead of losing men by a direct attack, the soldiers blocked up the air-hole with stones, set a guard over it, then going round to the door of the cellar, which was barricaded on the inner side, they heaped lighted fagots and combustibles against it, so that the staircase was soon one immense furnace. After a time the door gave way, and the fire poured like a torrent into the retreat of the unfortunate bandits. Still a profound silence reigned in the vault. Presently two carbine shots were fired; two brothers, determined not to fall alive into the hands of their enemies, had shot each other to death. A moment afterward an explosion was heard; a bandit had thrown himself into the flames, and his cartridge-box had blown up. At last the remainder of the unfortunate men being nearly suffocated, and seeing that escape was impossible, surrendered at discretion, were dragged through the air-hole, and immediately bound hand and foot, and conveyed to prison.

As to the eight who had refused to come to Foggia, and the two who had escaped, they were hunted down like wild beasts, tracked from cavern to cavern, and from forest to forest. Some were shot, others betrayed by the peasantry; some gave themselves up, so that, before the year was out, all the Vardarelli were dead or prisoners. The woman who had displayed such masculine courage, was the only one who finally escaped. She was never heard of afterward.

\* A Naples, it is customary to carry two handkerchiefs, one of silk, and the other of cambric; the latter being used to wipe the forehead.

M. Dumas finds that the climate of Naples, delightful as it is, has nevertheless its little drawbacks and disadvantages. He returns one night from an excursion in the environs, and has scarcely got into bed, when he is almost blown out of it again by a tornado of tropical violence.

"At midnight, when we returned to Naples, the weather was perfect, the sky cloudless, the sea without a ripple. At three in the morning I was awakened by the windows of my room bursting open, their eighteen panes of glass falling upon the floor with a bright clatter. I jumped out of bed, and felt that the house was shaking. I thought of Pliny the Elder, and having no desire for a similar fate, I hastily pulled on my clothes and hurried out into the corridor. My first impulse had apparently been that of all the inmates of the hotel, who were all standing, more or less dressed, at the doors of their apartments; among others, Jadin, who made his appearance with a phosphorus box in his hand, and his dog Milord at his heels. 'What a terrible draught in the house!' said he to me. This same draught, as he called it, had just carried off the roof of the Prince of San Fedoro's palace, including the garrets and several servants who were sleeping in them.

"My first thought had been of an eruption of Vesuvius, but there was no such luck for us; it was merely a hurricane. A hurricane at Naples, however, is rather different from the same thing in any other European country.

"Out of the seventy windows of the hotel, three only had escaped damage. The ceilings of seven or eight rooms were rent across. There was a crack extending from top to bottom of the house. Eight shutters had been carried away, and the servants were running down the streets after them, just as one runs after one's hat on a windy day. The broken glass was swept away: as for sending for glaziers to mend the windows, it was out of the question. At Naples nobody thinks of disturbing himself at three in the morning. Besides, even had new panes been put in, they would soon have shared the fate of the old ones. We were obliged, therefore, to manage as well as we could with the shutters. I was tolerably lucky, for I had only lost one of mine. I went to bed again, and tried to sleep; but the storm of thunder and lightning soon rendered that impossible, and I took refuge on the ground floor, where the wind had done less damage. Then began one of those storms of which we have no idea in the more northern parts of Europe. It was accompanied by a deluge such as I had never witnessed, except in Calabria. In an instant the Villa Reale appeared to be a part of the sea; the water came up to the windows of the ground floor, and flooded the parlors. A minute afterwards, the servants came to tell M. Zill that his cellars were full, and his casks of wine floating about and staving one another. Presently we saw a jackass laden with vegetables come swimming down the street, carried along by the current. He was swept away into a large open drain and disappeared. The peasant who owned him, and who also had been carried away, only saved himself from a like fate by clinging to a lamp-post. In one hour there fell more water than there fall in Paris during the two wettest months in the year.

"Two hours after the cessation of the rain, the water had disappeared, and I then perceived the use of this kind of deluge. The streets were clean; which they never are in Naples, except after a flood of this sort."

One short anecdote, and we have done. After a long account of St. Januarius, including the well-known miracle of the liquefaction of his blood, and some amusing illustrations of his immense popularity with the Neapolitans, M. Dumas, in two pithy lines, gives us the length, breadth, and thickness of a lazaron's religion.

"I was one day in a church at Naples," he says, "and I heard a lazaron praying aloud. He entreated God to intercede with St. Januarius to make him win in the lottery."

On the whole, we think this one of the most amusing of M. Dumas's works, very light and sketchy, as is evident from our extracts; but at the same time giving a great deal of information concerning Naples, its environs, inhabitants, and customs, of much interest, and calculated to be highly useful to the traveller. It is also free from a fault with which we taxed its author in a former paper, and we can scarcely call to mind a single line which it would be necessary to expunge, in order to render it fit reading for the most fastidious. As far as we ourselves are concerned, we heartily wish M. Dumas would travel over all the kingdoms of the earth, and write a book about each of them; and if he is as good company in the post-chaise as his books are at the chimney-corner, there are few things we should like better than to accompany him on his pilgrimage.

#### PARENT AND CHILD.

We now come to the tender subject of parent and child, which Shakespeare has so tenderly touched upon in many of his tragedies. Macduff calls his children "chickens," probably because he "broods" over the loss of them; and Werner, in Lord Byron's beautiful play of that name, exclaims to Gabor, "Are you a father?" a question which, as the Hungarian was a single man, he could not have answered in the affirmative without rendering himself amenable to the very stringent provisions of the 45th of Elizabeth.

Children are of two sorts—boys and girls.

The duties of a parent are maintenance and education; or, as Coke would have expressed it, grub and grammar. That the father has a right to maintain his child is as old as Montesquieu—we mean, of course, the rule, not the child is as old as Montesquieu—whose exact age, by the bye, we have no means of knowing.

Fortunately, the law of nature chimes in with the law of the land; for, though there is a game, called "None of my child," in which it is customary to knock an infant about from one side of the room to the other, still there is that natural *στρογγύν* in the parental breast that fathers and mothers are for the most part willing to provide for their offspring.

The civil law will not allow a parent to disinherit his child without a reason; of which reasons there are fourteen, though there is one reason, namely, having nothing to leave, which causes a great many heirs to be amputated, or cut off, even without the ceremony of performing the operation, with a shilling. Our own law is more civil to parents than the civil law, for in this country children are left to Fate and the Quarter Sessions, which will compel a father, mother, grandfather, or grandmother, to provide for a child, if of sufficient ability. If a parent runs away, that is to say, doth spring off from his offspring, the churchwardens and overseers may seize his goods and chattels, and dispose of them for the maintenance of his family; so that, if a man lodging in a garret leaves nothing behind him, that must be seized for the benefit of the deserted children. By the late Poor Law Act, a husband is liable to maintain the children of his wife, whether legitimate or illegitimate; and we would therefore advise all "persons about to marry," that though it is imprudent to count one's chickens before they are hatched, still it is desirable that chickens already hatched, and not counted on, should be rigidly guarded against.

It being the policy of our laws to promote industry, no father is bound to contribute to a child's support more than twenty shillings a month, which keeps

the child continually sharp set, and is likely to promote the active growth of the infantine appetite.

Our law does not prevent a father from disinheriting his child; a circumstance which has been invaluable to our dramatists, who have been able to draw a series of delightful stage old men, who have a strong hold on the filial obedience of the walking ladies and gentlemen, who dare not rush into each other's arms, for fear of the old gentleman in a court dress and large shoe buckles being unfavorable to the youth in ducks, or the maiden in muslin. Heirs are especial favourites of our courts of justice—much as the lamb is the especial favourite of the wolf—for an heir with mint sauce, that is to say, with lots of money, is a dainty dish indeed to tempt the legal appetite.

A parent may protect his child: and thus, if one boy batters another boy, the parent of the second boy may batter the first boy, and the battery is justifiable, for such battery is in the eye of the law only the working of parental affection; though it is rather awkward for parental affection to take a pugilistic turn in its extraordinary zeal to show itself.

The last duty of a parent is to educate a child, or to initiate him into the mysteries of Mavor at an early period. Learning is said to be better than houses and land—probably because it opens a wide field for the imagination—that Cubitt of the mind—to build upon.

The old Romans, says Hale, used to be able to kill their children; but he adds that "the practyse off cutting off one's own hair was thoughtt barbarous." This atrocious pun reminds us of the cruelty of a certain dramatist of modern times, who used to write pieces and take his own children to see them, thereby submitting his own offspring to the most painful ordeal, for they were compelled to sit out the whole performance, and were savagely pinched if they fell asleep, while they were, at the same time, expected to laugh and look cheerful at every attempt at a joke which their unnatural father had ventured to perpetrate. In conformity with the maxim that "*paterna potestas in pietate debet non in atrocitate consistere*," it is believed that a child in such a dreadful position as that which we have alluded to, might claim to be released by his next friend, for the time being, the box-keeper.

A parent may correct his child with a rod or a cane—a practice originally introduced to encourage the growers of birch, and to protect the importers of bamboo, as well as to promote the healthy tingling of the juvenile veins; and a schoolmaster, who is *in loco parentis*, is also empowered to do the like by an old Act of Parliament, known as the statute of Wapping.

Children owe their parents support; but this is a mutual obligation, for they must support each other—though we sometimes hear them declaring each other wholly unsupportable.

Punch's Comic Blackstone.

#### I'LL DEEM THE WORLD ALL BEAUTIFUL!

I'll deem the world all beautiful, I'll deem the world all fair!  
Till I've been troubled with its doubt, or blasted by its care;  
And soft, its kindly waves of love shall roll about my feet;  
Till I've experienced its neglect, or tasted its deceit.

Glad as the bounding mountain deer, thro' Youth's sweet vales I'll fly,  
And dance beneath the rosy arch that spans the evening sky;  
With happy thoughts and holy songs, my silver lute shall flow—  
I am too young for sorrow's touch, too young to dream of woe.

From Childhood's sunny bowers I come, being gay and free;  
And oh, the world is beautiful! It never wounded me.  
Affection's murmuring music soft still follows me along,  
Or chimes in gentle melody with Friendship's noble song!

When Evening's glitt'ring veil of light is pictured on the deep:  
When Nature stills her weary voice, and droops her eyes in sleep—  
Beneath the moonbeam's melting flood, my frequent seat I take,  
And pour my lay of happiness across the silent lake.

Then comes a voice—"Oh! couldst thou leave a scene so fair and bright,  
And let the lovely things of earth fade glimm'ring from thy sight!"  
With upward eyes, I fold my hands upon my heaving breast—  
In thine own time, oh, God, my Lord! conduct me to my rest.

Yes, I can lay my sweet lute down, and kiss its silver strings,  
And list no longer to the sound it ever gently sings—  
Without a sigh, without a tear, can leave this happy place,  
And float away on Angel wings to see my Saviour's face.

'Tis true that many here will weep that I should die so young,  
Will mourn the crystal dashed to earth, the sounding chord unstrung.  
And one will lay her faded hand upon my marble brow,  
Grieve that her youngest child is dead, and pray to follow too.

But one there is with azure eyes, will never weep at all;  
Will pass the ruffled blossom by, and smile upon its fall!  
But what is one? an hundred more will bow the sorrowing head,  
And wash with tears the funeral flowers that deck the early dead.

In thy good time, then Mighty Lord, I yield my life to thee:  
With pleasure render back a gift, that is but lent to me!  
In heaven, love's everlasting springs are flowing freshly fair;  
My soul is struggling on her wings to meet her Saviour there.

Yet, if it is thy will, oh, God! that I should longer stay—  
As thou hast blessed my childhood's morn, still bless youth's summer day.  
Keep me from sin's polluted touch—let faith to me be given,  
That this whole happy life may be an antepast of Heaven.

Should any, with earth's bitterness, assail my trusting heart,  
And with a stern relentlessness, rend every pulse apart—  
Help me to tear away the veil that intercepts my view,  
And say, as did the Crucified, "they know not what they do!"

Oh, what a lovely world this! my heart is beating high  
Whene'er I see the bloom of earth, the glory of the sky;  
Speechless with thanks, I wond'ring roam along life's flowery ways;  
Oh, Father! tho' my lips are still, my heart devoutly prays.

Or ever breaks love's golden cord that binds my spirit o'er,  
Or ever sorrow's battling waves roll onward to the shore;  
Or ever doubt's despairing clouds encircle our abode,  
I would release my hold one earth, and fly to meet my God!

C. S.

Mr. Samuel Lover, the "painter, poet, and musician," has been for some time engaged in preparing an entertainment similar to those which Mr. Wilson has rendered so popular. It is to be devoted to the elucidation and illustration of Irish melody.

MUSIC,  
AS AN INTEGRAL BRANCH OF POPULAR EDUCATION.

From "The School and the Schoolmaster."

Foreign travellers have complained of the American people, that they rarely have leisure, and that, when they have, they know not how to enjoy it. There is some truth in the remark. We are eminently a working people. Part of this industry results, no doubt, from our condition, and from the powerful incitements to enterprise, afforded by a young and prosperous country. Part of it, however, seems to result from impatience of rest. Not a few of the rash adventures and ruinous speculations, by which we have distinguished ourselves of late, had their origin in a love of excitement, and in our aversion to being without employment. A partial remedy for this evil might be found by diffusing a taste for the elegant and ornamental arts. These arts would furnish that moderate and agreeable excitement which is so desirable in the intervals of labour. They would tranquilize, in some degree, the minds which have been agitated by business, and would dispose them to seek more frequent relief from its cares, and to plunge with less haste into new, hazardous, and anxious undertakings. They would teach us all, that there is a time for rest and refreshment as well as for exertion; and that the one may conduce as well as the other, not only to our enjoyment and dignity, but also to our permanent prosperity in business.

It may be alleged, by way of objection, that the arts are liable to abuse, and that they have, sometimes been enlisted in the service of vice and licentiousness. This is doubtless true of art, as it is of literature. But in regard to the latter, we encourage men to cultivate it, and we give them access to books of all kinds, because we are confident that, with a fair field, truth and right must ultimately triumph. So we would encourage the arts, because we believe that the natural affinities of the human mind will in the end secure a preference for works conceived in a pure taste; and that in our country, this would at once be the case, so far as moral considerations are involved. It must be remembered, that the noblest efforts of art have been made in the service of virtue and religion. History shows that the wing of Fancy has always drooped when she attempted to soar in a sensual or misanthropic mood. At such scenes she cannot gaze upon the unveiled sun; her visions are dim and earthly; they do violence to truth and nature, and are soon confined to merited obscurity.

Among a volatile and dissipated people, the arts would doubtless be rendered subservient to amusement and licentious indulgence. It would be at the expense, however, of their highest excellence. On the other hand, among a grave people, charged with serious cares, they would be likely to take a different type, and contribute, as music has always done in Germany since the days of Luther, to the refinement of taste and the strengthening of moral feeling. The greatest composers of that land have consecrated their genius to the service of religion. Haydn, whose memory is so honoured, was deeply religious. His *Oratorio of the Creation* was produced, as he himself tells us, at a time when he was much in prayer. In writing musical scores, he was accustomed to place, both at the beginning and at the close of each one, a Latin motto, expressive of his profound feeling, that he was dependent on God in all his efforts, and that to His glory should be consecrated every offspring of his genius.

The mention of music leads me to notice the special claims which that art has upon us. All men have been endowed with susceptibility to its influence. The child is no sooner born, than the nurse begins to soothe it to repose by music. Through life, music is employed to animate the depressed, to inspire the timid with courage, to lend new wings to devotion, and to give utterance to joy or sorrow. It is pre-eminently the language of the heart. The understanding gains knowledge, through the eye. The heart is excited to emotion, through tones falling on the ear. And so universal is the disposition to resort to music, for the purpose of either expressing or awakening emotion, that the great dramatist, that master in the science of the heart, declares that

"The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus:  
Let no such man be trusted."

Well may this be said of an art which has power to raise the coarsest veteran to noble sentiments and deeds, and to inspire the rawest and most timorous recruit with a contempt of death.

It is worthy of remark, too, that as the susceptibility to no other art is so universal, so none seems to have so strong an affinity for virtue, and for the pure and gentle affections. It is affirmed as a curious fact, that the natural scale of musical sounds can only produce good and kindly feelings, and that this scale must be reversed, if you would call forth sentiments of a degraded or vicious character. It is certain that, from the fabled days of Orpheus and Apollo, music has always been regarded as the handmaid of civilization and moral refinement. Wherever we would awake the better affections, whether in the sanctuary or the closet, in the school for infants, or in the House of Refuge for juvenile delinquents, we employ its aid.

The Germans have a proverb, which has come down from Luther, that, where music is not, the devil enters. As David took his harp, when he would cause the Devil to depart from Saul, so the Germans employ it to expel obduracy from the hearts of the depraved. In their schools for the reformation of youthful offenders, (and the same remark might be applied to those of our own country), music has been found one of the most effectual means of inducing docility among the stubborn and vicious.\* It would seem that so long as any re-

\* "At Berlin I visited an establishment for the reformation of youthful offenders. Here boys are placed, who have committed offences that bring them under the supervision of the police, to be instructed and rescued from vice, instead of being hardened in iniquity by living in the common prison with old offenders. It is under the care of Dr. Kopf, a most simple-hearted, excellent old gentleman; just such a one as reminded us of the ancient Christians, who lived in the times of the persecution, simplicity, and purity of the Christian Church. He has been very successful in reclaiming the young offender; and many a one, who would otherwise have been forever lost, has, by the influence of this institution, been saved to himself, to his country, and to God. As I was passing with Dr. K. from room to room, I heard some beautiful voices singing in an adjoining apartment, and, on entering, I found about twenty of the boys sitting at a long table, making clothes for the establishment, and singing at their work. The doctor enjoyed my surprise, and, on going out, remarked, 'I always keep these little rogues singing at their work; for while the children sing the devil cannot come among them at all; he can only sit outside there and growl; but if they stop singing, in the devil comes.' The Bible and the singing of religious hymns are among the most efficient instru-

mains of humanity linger in the heart, it retains its susceptibility to music. And as proof that this music is more powerful for good than for evil, is it not worthy of profound consideration that, in all the intimations which the Bible gives us of a future world, music is associated only with the employments and happiness of Heaven!

We read of no strains of music coming up from the regions of the lost. To associate its melodies and harmonies with the wailings and convulsions of reprobate spirits would be doing violence, as all feel, to our conceptions of its true character.\* Nothing could illustrate more impressively its natural connexion with our better nature. Abused it doubtless may be—for which of God's gift is not abused?—but its value, when properly employed as a means of culture, as a source of refined pleasure, and as the proper aid and ally of our efforts and aspirations after good, is clear and unquestionable. "In music," says Hooker, "the very image of vice and virtue is perceived. It is a thing that delighteth all ages and beseemeth all states—a thing as seasonable in grief as joy, as decent being added to actions of greatest solemnity, as being used when men sequester themselves from actions."

So said the pious Bishop Beveridge: "That which I have found the best recreation both to my mind and body, whensoever either of them stands in need of it, is music, which exercises at once both my body and soul, especially when I play myself: for then, methinks, the same motion that my hand makes upon the instrument, the instrument makes upon my heart. It calls in my spirits, composes my thoughts, delights my ear, recreates my mind, and so not only fits me for after business, but fills my heart at the present with pure and useful thoughts; so that, when the music sounds the sweetest in my ears, truth commonly flows the clearest in my mind. And hence it is that I find my soul become more harmonious by being accustomed so much to harmony, and adverse to all manners of discord, that the least jarring sounds, either in notes or words, seem very harsh and unpleasant to me."

I have spoken of the fact, that all men are more or less susceptible to the influence of music. It is also true that all can acquire the rudiments of the art. It has long been supposed that, in order to learn to sing, a child must be endowed with what is called a musical ear. That this, however, is an error, is evident from experiments which have been made on the most extensive scale in Germany, and which are now repeating in this country. In Germany, almost every child at school, is instructed in singing, as well as in reading. The result is, that though in this respect, as in many others, there is great difference in the natural aptitude of children, still all who can learn to read, can also learn to sing. It is found, farther, that this knowledge can be acquired without interfering with the other branches of study, and with evident benefit both to the disposition of the scholars, and the discipline of the school. A gentleman who, in this country, has had more than 4000 pupils in music, affirms that his experience gives the same result. The number of schools amongst us, in which music is made one of the regular branches of elementary instruction, is already great, and is constantly increasing, and I have heard of no case in which, with proper training, every child has not been found capable of learning. Indeed, the fact, that among the ancients and in the schools of the Middle Ages, music was regarded as indispensable in a full course of education, might of itself teach us, that the prejudice in question is founded in error.

Another consideration which gives music special claims on our regard as a branch of culture, is, that the best specimens of the art are within our reach. It is rare, that the pupil can ever look, in this country, on the original works of a master, in painting or sculpture. We have engravings, casts, and other copies, but they can give us only faint conceptions of the artist's design, and of his execution hardly an idea. In written music, we have a transcript of the conceptions of the composer, almost as complete as in written poetry or eloquence, and as easy of access.

In all these arts, however, much may be done to call forth and improve the taste of our people. By multiplying exhibitions of art; by extending patronage to the native talent for painting and sculpture which abounds among us; by promoting efforts for the diffusion of a correct taste in music, and a love for that art, so essential in our devotions, and so useful everywhere; and, finally and especially, by introducing elementary instruction, both in music and drawing, into our schools, we can do much towards securing for our land the multiplied blessings which would result from the general love of art.

Says a late Report of the School Committee of the City of Boston, when speaking of Drawing, "Your committee cannot help remarking, as they pass, that, in their opinion, there is no good reason for excluding the art of linear drawing from any liberal scheme of popular instruction. It has a direct tendency to quicken that important faculty, the faculty of observation. It is a supplement to writing. It is in close alliance with geometry. It is conversant with form, and intimately connected with all the improvements in the mechanic arts. In all the mechanical, and many of the other employments of life, it is of high practical utility. Drawing, like music, is not an accomplishment only; it has important uses: and if music be successfully introduced into our public schools, your committee express the hope and the conviction that drawing, sooner or later, will follow."

In the same report the committee observe, "There are said to be at this time not far from eighty thousand common schools in this country, in which are to be found the power who, in coming years, will mould the character of this democracy. If vocal music were generally adopted as a branch of instruction in these schools, it might be reasonably expected, that in at least two generations we should be changed into a musical people. The great point to be considered, in reference to the introduction of vocal music into popular elementary instruction, is, that thereby you set in motion a mighty power, which silently, but surely in the end, will humanize, refine, and elevate a whole community." Music is one of the fine arts; it therefore deals with abstract beau-

ments which he employs for softening the hardened heart, and bringing the vicious and stubborn will to docility."—Report of Professor Stowe on Elementary Public Instruction in Europe.

\* Has not Milton offered violence both to nature and revelation, in the picture which he draws towards the close of the first book of his *Paradise Lost*, where he represents the legions of Satan as moving "in perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood of flutes and soft recorders," "soft pipes that charmed their painful steps," &c. &c.

+ "We have listened," says a recent traveller in Switzerland, "to the peasant children's songs, as they went out to their morning occupations, and saw their hearts kindled to the highest tones of music and poetry by the setting sun or the familiar objects of nature, each of which was made to echo some truth, or point to some duty, by an appropriate song. We have heard them sing 'the harvest hymn' as they went forth, before daylight, to gather in the grain. We have seen them assemble in groups at night, chanting a hymn of praise for the glories of the heavens, or joining in some patriotic chorus or some social melody, instead of the frivolous and corrupting conversation which

ty, and so lifts man to the source of all beauty—from finite to infinite, and from the world of matter to the world of spirits and to God. Music is the great handmaid of civilization. Whence come those traditions of a reverend antiquity—seditious quelled, cures wrought, fleets and armies governed by the force of song—whence that responding of rocks, woods, and trees to the harp of Orpheus—whence a city's walls uprising beneath the wonder-working touches of Apollo's lyre? These, it is true, are fables; yet they shadow forth, beneath the veil of allegory, a profound truth. They beautifully proclaim the mysterious union between music, as an instrument of man's civilization, and the soul of man. Prophets and wise men, large-minded lawgivers of an olden time, understood and acted on this truth. The ancient oracles were uttered in song. The laws of the Twelve Tables were put to music and got by heart at school. Minstrel and sage are, in some languages, convertible terms. Music is allied to the highest sentiments of man's moral nature: love of God, love of country, love of friends. Wo to the nation in which these sentiments are allowed to go to decay! What tongue can tell the unutterable energies that reside in these three engines—church music, national airs, and fireside melodies—as means of informing and enlarging the mighty heart of a free people!"

### Foreign Summary.

The news brought by the French papers is not of much importance. The election of M. Charles Lafitte had been declared null by the Chamber of Deputies, and this result is looked upon as a ministerial defeat, M. Lafitte having declared himself a warm partisan of the government.

In the debate on the fortifications on the 9th, most of the Deputies had approved of the construction of the works, but there was a distinct intimation given that the arming of the detached forts "in time of peace" would not be sanctioned by the Chamber.

The subscription for a sword for Admiral Dupetit Thouars, was rapidly increasing, and the enthusiasm had spread itself to the boys of the Polytechnic and other military schools throughout Paris. The government has marked its displeasure at this juvenile manifestation, by depriving the pupils of the Polytechnic of the liberty of going abroad for fifteen days.

The dispute between the Church and the University is assuming a serious character. The Moniteur contains a letter from the Minister of Justice to the Archbishop of Paris, condemning in the strongest terms a memorial addressed by himself and four of his suffragans of the archdiocese of Paris to the king, on the subject of public instruction and the publication of that document in the newspapers.

The floods were subsiding in Paris, but the accounts from the South of France state the occurrence of disasters throughout the country from the inundations.

Letters from Madrid, on which the Times seems to place reliance, contain the statement that the marriage of Queen Isabella to her cousin the Count Trapani, was not only pushed with vigour but was nearly certain.

Preparations were making for the reception of Queen Christina in Madrid. The inscriptions and other emblems commemorative of the revolution of the 1st of September, 1840, had been removed from the facade of the Town House in compliment to the Queen Dowager.

Early on the morning of the 29th February, the insurgents of Alicante, to the number of 200 infantry, with 69 horse and two pieces of artillery, made a sortie in the direction of the Cruz de Piedra for the purpose of destroying the batteries in progress of construction on that point. They were, however, bravely charged by detachments from the regiments of Savory and Lusitania, who occupied that point, and beaten back into the place with several killed and wounded. The siege artillery had not yet been landed owing to the boisterous state of the sea.

An observatory for astronomical purposes, has been erected at Liverpool upon a very extensive scale, and preparations have been made for giving the exact time of noon, by dropping a ball at 12 o'clock, as at Greenwich.

Prince Albert is about to visit Germany during the Easter recess, to meet and console with his afflicted family.

**THE BRITISH WAR IN INDIA.**—The British troops in India, although successful in the sanguinary battle that placed the State of Gwalior in the Mahattra territory in their possession, yet from an oversight their triumph was attended with unusual slaughter on their side. It appears from a private letter quoted by the *Manchester Guardian*, that in the battle of Maharajpoor the English army was taken by surprise, no news of the approach of the enemy, or even of its being in the vicinity of the camp being known to the general in command. In confirmation of this fact it is stated, that the Governor General, Lord Ellenborough, Lady Gough, and three other ladies were in the camp at the time the enemy commenced its murderous fire against the British. Some blame appears to have been attached to the acting Quarter Master General in this untoward affair.

The papers announce the death of the Right Hon. Sir Henry Vaughan Halford, Bart.; this celebrated physician was medical attendant to four English sovereigns in succession, and filled the office of Private Secretary to George the 4th for a short period. His name was originally Vaughan, and he was brother to Sir Charles R. Vaughan, formerly British Minister to the United States, to Mr. Baron Vaughan, and to Sir John Vaughan, Dean of Chester.

**QUEEN VICTORIA AND LOUIS PHILIPPE.**—It is stated by a French journal, that the King of the French will visit the Queen of England in the course of the summer, but that the meeting will take place in the Isle of Wight, and not in London. It is also stated that Queen Victoria will accompany the King to Paris.

so often renders such meetings the source of evil. In addition to this, we visited communities where the youth had been trained from their childhood to exercises in vocal music, of such a character as to elevate instead of debasing the mind, and have found that it served in the same manner to cheer their social assemblies, in place of the noise of folly or the poisoned cup of intoxication. We have seen the young men of such a community assembled to the number of several hundreds, from a circuit of twenty miles; and, instead of spending a day of festivity in rioting and drunkenness, pass the whole time, with the exception of that employed in a frugal repast and a social meeting, in a concert of social, moral, and religious hymns, and devote the proceeds of the exhibition to some object of benevolence. We could not but look at the contrast presented on similar occasions in our own country with a blush of shame. We have visited a village whose whole moral aspect was changed in a few years by the introduction of music of this character, even among adults, and where the aged were compelled to express their astonishment at seeing the young abandon their corrupting and riotous amusements for this delightful and improving exercise."

Mr. Robert Mayne, of Melville street, Edinburgh, has presented to the University of that city, the Emperor Napoleon's dining table, used by him during his exile in St. Helena.

The Emperor of Russia, the Kings of Prussia and Bavaria, and the hereditary Prince of Wurtemburg, are expected to visit Vienna in May next, where the Schoenbrunn palace is being put in order for their reception.

**THE AMERICAN STEAM FRIGATE MISSOURI.**—The once splendid vessel, justly the pride of the American people, and built at a great cost to carry the first United States Minister to China, and intended to strike the Chinese with the great importance of that nation, was destroyed by fire in the bay of Gibraltar some six months since. The American Consul advertised for persons to raise the hull and engines, as she only lay in six fathoms of water. A party was engaged at seven pounds a-day, who, after eight weeks exertion, gave up the effort. The Wizard, Capt. Marshall, returning from London to Scio, and having on board all the apparatus necessary for raising vessels, bought the hull for £4,500, and he now only waits for fine weather to commence operations. It is anticipated that Capt. Marshall will make a profitable venture of the undertaking, as all her boilers are of stout copper, worth from £10,000 to £12,000 as old metal, and the facilities of operation are great, from her decks being all destroyed.

Of nearly 600 young and active men who composed the gallant regiment of the 92d Highlanders, when it left this country for foreign service, nearly ten years ago, only 143 have returned.

The *Allgemeine Zeitung* says that at Bonn an address to O'Connell was in course of signature; and the *Globe* adds, that similar addresses were preparing at Ulm and elsewhere.

Two marriages are about to take place in the Russell family. Lord Francis Russell is to marry Miss Peyton, the daughter of the Rev. Algernon Peyton; and Lord Alexander will shortly be united to Miss Holmes.—Lady Augusta Fitzclarence, sister to the Earl of Munster, is to be united to Comte Boude, a Swedish nobleman, of large fortune, and very ancient family.

**THE KING OF SWEDEN.**—*A-propos de tatouage*, it is affirmed that the King of Sweden's physicians were greatly astonished the other day, on bleeding his majesty, to find the words "*Liberté! Egalité! au la Mort!*" very legibly stained on his arm. They could not recover from their amazement. Charles John has been so long a king, that it is forgotten that he began by being a mere hero; and he is so good a king, that one cannot persuade oneself that he was formerly so good a republican.

**NOBLE ACT OF CHARITY.**—It has been found that the ministers who have left the establishment are legally entitled to retain the rights of their widows and families, in the Widows' Fund Scheme of the Church of Scotland. It is necessary for this purpose, however, that the premiums should be regularly paid up, which, in the case of a considerable number of the out-going clergy, it appears, has not been done since the disruption. In these circumstances, Mrs. Dingwall Fordyce, of Aberdeenshire, it is said, has come forward and paid up the arrears of all the defaulters. To appreciate fully this act of benevolence, it is necessary to add that the sum in arrear was nearly £1,300.

Glasgow Argus.

**INCURABLE INSANITY.**—The *Siecle*, of Saturday last, publishes the following extraordinary example of incurable insanity, produced by terror:—"A few days after the carnival of the year 1792, a lunatic was brought to a private asylum, who had lost his reason in consequence of a practical joke practised at a masked ball by a friend, who suddenly attacked him disguised in a bear's skin, and uttered a most hideous growl. The maniac lived for 52 years without having experienced any lucid interval. It was at the period of the carnival that he became more agitated, and he at length died on the 20th inst. (Shrove Tuesday,) after growling like a bear, in his 70th year.

**UNUSUAL ABUNDANCE OF AMBER.**—A remarkable phenomenon, which has been observed during the present year on the Elbing shore of the Baltic, has proved a source of great profit to the inhabitants. The amber gathering has been more productive than it is remembered ever to have been. In the village of Kahlberg alone, where the amber gathering is farmed, a quantity of amber, amounting in value to 20,000 thalers, has been obtained within the last few weeks. Probably the violent storms that have prevailed this winter, especially during the month of December, have brought this treasure up from the bottom of the sea.

**CHINA A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.**—A French journal states, that "there has lately been placed in the principal gallery of the collection of MSS. at Paris an inscription in the Chinese and Syriac languages, of the date of 781, shewing the arrival of Syriac missionaries, and the propagation of Christianity in China in the seventh and eighth centuries. The inscription was found in 1825 in a city of China."

The *Times* says that Osborne House, near Cowes, will probably be hired for a term, with a view to ultimate purchase, as a marine residence for the Queen; and that a bill is likely to be introduced in Parliament to authorize the sale of Brighton Pavilion—George the Fourth's Folly.

We are enabled confidently to state, that Rear-Admiral Sir George Seymour, Bart., one of the Lords of the Admiralty, will succeed Rear-Admiral Thomas as Commander-in-Chief in the Pacific. It is said the gallant Admiral will hoist his flag in a line-of-battle ship, and not a frigate; and that it will be either the Albion or Rodney.

Lord Melgund, eldest son of Earl Minto, and heir to a very good landed estate, has declared himself in favour of a total Repeal of the Corn-laws. His uncle, the late Member for Roxburghshire, has sent in his adhesion to the League.

Bean, the boy who was sentenced to imprisonment for attempting to shoot at the Queen, was liberated from Millbank Penitentiary on Saturday; his term of eighteen months having expired.

The General Diet of Hungary has adopted, without any discussion, and by a majority of 41 votes against 8, a motion for the emancipation of the Jews.

The *Ross-shire Advertiser* reports the final result of some Nonintrusion disturbances last autumn—

"Four persons, Grahame, Bain, Munro, and Keen, concerned in the riot at Roskeen in September last, and in attacking the members of the Presbytery and others assembled for the settlement of the Rev. John Mackenzie as minister of that parish, were tried before Sheriff Taylor, at Tain, on Tuesday the 20th February; and, after the examination of several witnesses on both sides, were convicted, except Grahame (as to whom the evidence was deficient,) and sentenced to imprisonment for fifty days. Two other individuals, Chisholm and Grant, were tried separately, and fined, the one in 40s. the other in 50s., for an assault upon a lad of the name of Macgregor, for acting as precentor in the parish-church of Kinardine."

## Imperial Parliament.

## DUELING.

*House of Commons, March 11.*

Captain BERNAL rose to move for a copy of any letter or correspondence which had passed between the Secretary of War and the widow of the late Lieut.-Colonel David Lynar Fawcett, C.B., relative to the withdrawing her pension. In bringing forward this motion, he begged to return his thanks to the Right Hon. the Secretary at War for the courtesy and kindness which he had received from that Right Hon. and Gallant Gentleman on seeking for the precedents bearing on the present motion. It would be necessary to recall to the remembrance of the House the fact that the Hon. Member for Truro had put a question to the First Lord of the Treasury on this subject, and that the Right Hon. Gentleman had on that occasion taken great credit to his Government for exerting their legitimate influence for the discouragement of duelling, by refusing a pension to the widow of an officer of great military reputation, and who had distinguished himself in the service of his country, but who had unfortunately fallen in a duel. He (Captain Bernal) must confess that when he heard that voluntary declaration of the Right Hon. Gentleman the First Lord of the Treasury, he had been astonished, not so much at the manifest injustice of the act as at the manner in which it had been attempted to be justified. He had been told that precedents might be brought forward to support that act. He had searched diligently for precedents, but had not been able to find a single one. At the time the Noble Lord the Member for Tiverton was Secretary at War, in the year 1817, a pension had been refused to the widow of an officer who had committed suicide; but he would leave the House to decide whether that could be considered a case in point. It was not his intention now to enter into any general discussion of the question of duelling. He would not do so for this reason—he thought so long as the majority of Members on both sides of the House were so ready to follow in the footsteps of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox as in becoming parties to a hostile meeting, that such discussions were of no avail, and he would suggest to the Hon. Gentleman who sat below (Mr. Turner), that he would pursue an advisable course in withdrawing the resolutions of which he had given notice; and if he would turn his attention to the state of the law at present on the subject, and bring in a Bill by which the relation of any case of fatal duel might come upon the survivor for damages, as was the law in France; and, to come nearer home, Hon. Gentlemen were not perhaps aware that such a law existed in Scotland; it would have greater effect in putting an end to the practice of duelling than any other course of proceeding. The Right Hon. the Secretary of War had coolly told the House the other night that there was a clause in the Mutiny Act, by which all officers or persons who conveyed challenges to others were liable to be tried by court-martial and cashiered. He would read that clause; it was to the effect, that any officer or soldier who gave, sent, conveyed, or promoted a challenge to another, or upbraided another with not fighting a duel, or if commanding a guard, should permit any member of that guard to go out to fight a duel, should be liable, if an officer, to be cashiered, or suffer any other punishment, according to the nature and degree of the offence, as in the judgment of a court-martial should be awarded. He (Captain Bernal) did not scruple to say that that clause was certainly a dead letter. He could state, from his own experience, that no officer could ordinarily refuse a challenge; and he knew of no instance when the conveyer or promoter of a challenge was brought to a court-martial for that offence. In looking over the army list he saw certainly that an officer on the half-pay list had some years ago been struck off—not for fighting a duel, but for fighting with a superior officer. (Hear, hear.) He alluded to the case of Ensign Battier; and the superior was blamed, not for fighting a duel, but for fighting with an inferior officer. But he would give a still stronger proof that an officer was not allowed to receive an insult without taking notice of it. He held in his hand a letter of a man of the highest military reputation on the subject. It was to this effect, "Is a gentleman, who happens to be a Minister, to submit to be insulted by any gentleman who thinks proper to impute criminal motives to him in his conduct as a public man. I cannot doubt the decision I ought to make upon the question, and I now call upon you to give me that satisfaction which every gentleman has a right to require, and which a gentleman never refuses." This letter was signed Wellington—(Hear, hear)—and that noble individual, it was needless for him to say, was now at the head of the Horse Guards, and that letter was conveyed by the Right Hon. Gentleman who was now Secretary at War. ("Hear," and laughter.) He would restrain from adducing any other examples of duels that had proved fatal, although he could produce many instances. He would, however, refer to the case of a cavalry officer who was concerned in an unfortunate duel. The Right Hon. Gentleman had said that there was no instance on record of an officer who had been cashiered for not fighting a duel; now if he would turn back to 1818, he did not mention names for an obvious reason, he would find an instance of a Lieutenant General of the Royal Marines, who was brought to a court-martial for neglecting to demand the honourable adjustment of a quarrel, and very recently an officer was sentenced at Bombay, for a similar offence, to be suspended for six months, and in his own regiment he was acquainted with an officer who refused to fight a duel, and for doing so he was driven from the regiment. (Hear, hear.) So that, if an officer obeyed the dictates of reason, he must give up his commission; and if he followed those of honor, he was liable to be tried for his life. (Hear, hear.) And if an officer fell in a duel, they carried their vengeance beyond the grave, and deprived his widow of a pension. He would now say one word with respect to pensions. There was some considerable difference of opinion between the Members of that House with respect to them. Some Hon. Gentlemen thought an officer's widow was entitled to a pension, but he (Captain Bernal) believed that in no case could a widow claim a pension; it rested entirely with the Secretary at War. In the present instance, if Lieut.-Colonel Fawcett had sold his commission before his death, the sum of £3,500. would have been at his widow's disposal, but as it was, she lost both the capital and the pension. Now if he might allude to an unfortunate circumstance that had recently taken place, in connexion with the State prosecutions of Ireland, he must be permitted to say that he did not do so for the purpose of indulging in any unworthy taunt. Whatever difference of opinion there might be in reference to the trial itself, he thought that the manly and spirited way in which a certain Right Hon. and Learned Gentleman had explained away his conduct, was sufficient to obliterate all unkindly feeling, and for his own part he sincerely hoped that upon this ground the door of legal promotion would not be closed upon him. (Loud cheers.) At the same moment he was at a loss to understand the principle which overlooked a practice in one officer of the Crown and upon the other, a weaker and more defenceless one, visited such heavy punishment.

"*Dat veniam corvis vexat censura columbas.*"

(The Hon. and Gallant Member sat down amid loud and general cheering.)

Sir C. NAPIER seconded the motion.

Sir H. HARDINGE said he should endeavour to follow the Gallant Officer with the same excellent temper and good feeling which he had shown in introducing his motion. (Hear, hear.) He felt called upon to justify to the House the decision which he, in the exercise of his judgment, had formed, and which had been subsequently confirmed by his Right Hon. Friend at the head of the Government. In that decision he was influenced by special circumstances, and not governed by any direct or general rule. On the contrary, he had been influenced by considerations, that there were circumstances so unjustifiable in this duel, as to require the Government to show as much discouragement and as marked a displeasure as possible. He would inform the House what had taken place. In September he received a communication from the agent, asking for a pension for Mrs. Fawcett. He sent to the agent a communication, informing him that, in his (Sir Henry Hardinge's) opinion, it was a case in which pension could not be recommended by him, but, under all the circumstances of the case, he recommended the agent not to press his application at that time. In the course of a month he received a letter withdrawing the first application, and then he sent his private secretary to the agent. He did this in order that the case of Lieut. Munro, who was then understood to be about to take his trial, might not be prejudiced by any record from him that he considered the duel unjust. He did not, therefore, make any record at the time of the reasons which influenced him in withholding the pension, but he had since stated that it was not a case which, in his opinion, a pension ought to be granted. Now, with regard to what had passed between him and his Right Honourable Friend, his Right Honourable Friend wrote to him from the country, asking when steps would be taken to supersede Lieutenant Munro. His answer was that expectations were held out that, in the course of a month or two, that officer would surrender and take his trial, and that it would be a prejudging of his case if his commission were taken from him previous to his trial. He then conferred with the Commander-in-Chief, and also with his Right Honourable Friend, and stated his opinion that there was nothing in the case to justify him in recommending a pension. But as he said before, the pension was refused on special grounds, and not on any general principle. He would now state what the practice of the War Office was on this subject. The Right Hon. and Gallant Gentleman then referred to a duel which took place in Ceylon in the year 1829. One of the parties was shot, and an application was made for a pension for the widow. He made a minute upon the case to the effect that it was for public service performed by the husband that a widow was entitled to a pension, and not if he lost his life in any private or personal quarrel. He also stated that due allowance would be made for the force of custom and the usages of society; and, that upon the whole case being known, it would be for the discretion of the War Office to say whether the circumstances in that case were such as would justify a pension. He received a report of the case from the General commanding a Ceylon, but his information upon the subject was as scanty as his own. Neither had he anything to guide him in the way of precedent except the opinion given incidentally by the Noble Lord the Member for Tiverton, when Secretary at War, and which had been alluded to by the Gallant Member opposite. Shortly afterwards Mr. Wynn succeeded him as Secretary at War, and he found that Mr. Wynn made a minute on the subject, having all the facts before him. The minute of Mr. Wynn was to this effect:—That according to the principle laid down by Lord Palmerston, the application must be negatived, as there were no circumstances of palliation in the case. His own view of this question was, that under circumstances where palliation could be brought forward, the claim of the widow should be respected. He found, in the unfortunate case of Captain Boyle—a case still more unfortunate than that of Colonel Fawcett—a case in which Captain Boyle lost his life—that the Captain was forced into the duel, the pistols were almost forced into Captain Boyle's hand; and the Government being of opinion that there were strong circumstances of palliation, granted the pension. He had now given two cases; one under Lord Grey's Government, where the pension was not granted, because there was no palliation; and another where it was granted, because there was a palliation. He now came to the case of this unfortunate lady. Many members of her Majesty's Government since that duel had been very anxious to devise some scheme by which duelling might be altogether discouraged. But having the cases before him to which he had referred, it did appear to him to be impossible to grant a pension to the widow of Lieutenant-Colonel Fawcett, for on account of the near relationship between the parties, no insult scarcely could have passed which would not have admitted of honourable adjustment, and from what appeared the insult chiefly seemed to be a statement "Your manner, or your conduct, is so unpleasant that you had better walk out of the room," an insult so trivial that it did not appear to him to be any palliation or justification for brothers-in-law going out to fight a duel together. (Hear, hear, hear.) Taking this view of the matter, he did not think it was within the limits of his discretion to recommend that a pension should be granted. The Hon. and Gallant Member has truly observed that pensions were granted to widows of officers, not alone on the ground that their husbands had served their country, but upon other grounds. They were granted certainly with a view to their public services, and if the husband of a lady had fallen into action she was entitled to a double pension; but pensions were also granted with a view to the stimulus of officers themselves. There were a number of circumstances to be considered before an officer's widow should be deprived of her pension; but certainly it was no recommendation that her husband was killed in a duel. With every desire to treat every case as leniently as he could consistently with his duty, it was not possible for him to have come to any other decision. He did not think it an improper decision. He felt confident that it was right to discourage such unjustifiable duels. (Hear, hear.) He considered that he had exercised a sound discretion, and he must say that he had not heard anything from the Hon. and Gallant Officer to alter his determination. He might also mention that there were many cases in which the claim of officers' widows to pensions was very strong. About thirty years ago it came to his knowledge that, in the army on the Continent, there were three, four, or five duels in the course of a day, in consequence of English officers being purposely insulted by foreign officers. Under these circumstances they were forced to fight, and many valuable lives were lost; and he put it to the House whether the Government was not justified in the exercise of its discretion in granting pensions in such cases. The Hon. and Gallant Officer had stated that he ought not to make any distinction in the granting of widows' pensions, because military men of high rank had set the example, and he instanced the duel between Lord Londonderry and Mr. Battier, and also one between the Noble Duke, the Commander-in-Chief, and another nobleman. But Mr. Battier was an officer upon half-pay, and the general rule of the Commander-in-Chief laid it down that an officer on half-pay was not amenable to military law. In the instance of the Duke of Wellington, the duel arose out of a misunderstanding with another Noble Lord who was not in the army, and he had never yet heard it promulgated in any military code that an officer in the army was to be debarred from

resenting an insult from another person not in the army. General Burton had fought an officer upon full pay, and he was dismissed for it. The case of a Colonel of Marines had been mentioned, but it appeared that he had permitted a series of insults to be addressed to him for several years, and a court martial was held to inquire into the matter, when there was so much crimination and recrimination between the parties, that one was dismissed the service and the other put on half pay, but not because they did not fight. (Hear.) He would now come to a more important matter. He had already referred to the great desire which her Majesty's Government had to discourage and repress duelling, and he had stated that they had been occupied during the recess in endeavouring no devise some expedients to put an end to this barbarous custom. (Cheers.) He was now prepared to say that he had a plan to propose. (Cheers.) He was not the other night prepared to say this, because he had not then the authority of her Majesty, not having received an official sanction to the arrangement proposed to be made of the insertion of new articles of war. But now, in order to show her Majesty's sense of disapprobation of duelling, her Majesty had authorised him to insert in the articles of war of this year such new articles of war as he hoped would have the effect of discouraging duels in future. [Loud cheers.] Perhaps the best way would be for him to read these new articles of war. [Hear, hear.] For the last three or four months they had seriously occupied the attention of the Commander-in-Chief and of her Majesty's Government, more particularly since that attention had been called to the unfortunate circumstances of the duel between Lieut.-Colonel Fawcett and Lieut. Munro. The Government had been desirous to devise some expedient to prevent the recurrence of so barbarous a duel; and consequently the following amended articles of war had been framed:—

**PROPOSED TO BE SUBSTITUTED FOR THE 60TH ARTICLE OF WAR.**

" Every officer who shall give or send a challenge, or who shall accept any challenge to fight a duel with another officer, or who being privy to an intention to fight a duel, shall not take active measures to prevent such duel, or who shall upbraid another for refusing, or for not giving a challenge, or who shall reject or advise the rejection of a reasonable proposition made for the honourable adjustment of a difference, shall be liable, if convicted before a General Court Martial, to be cashiered, or suffer such other punishment as the Court may award."

**PROPOSED TO FOLLOW THE PRECEDING ARTICLE.**

" In the event of an officer being brought to a Court Martial for having acted as a second in a duel, if it shall appear that such officer had strenuously exerted himself to effect an adjustment of the difference on terms consistent with the honour of both the parties, and shall have failed through the unwillingness of the adverse parties to accept terms of honourable accommodation, then our will and pleasure is that such officer shall suffer such punishment as the Court may award."

[Cheers.] And in the declaratory part, in order that her Majesty's views and wishes may be clearly expressed to officers, it is proposed to insert—

**DRAFT OF ARTICLE INSTEAD OF 105TH.**

" We hereby declare our approbation of the conduct of all those who having had the misfortune of giving offence to, or injured, or insulted, others, I shall frankly explain, apologise, or offer redress for the same, or who, having had the misfortune of receiving offence, injury, or insult from another, shall cordially accept frank explanations, apology, or redress for the same, or who, if such explanations, apology, or redress are refused to be made or accepted, shall submit the matter to be dealt with by the commanding officer of the regiment or detachment, fort or garrison, and we accordingly acquit of disgrace, or opinion of disadvantage, all officers and soldiers, who, being willing to make or accept such redress, refuse to accept challenges, as they will only have acted as is suitable to the character of honourable men, and have done their duty as good soldiers who subject themselves to discipline."

These were the three articles which her Majesty had authorised him to submit in the present year. The effect of the three articles would be that when there was any difficulty in the settlement of a quarrel between two officers, and their mutual friends were not able to effect an accommodation, the matter should be referred to the commanding officer; and in the event of the officer commanding the regiment not being able to make these officers come to an honourable adjustment, then their differences would be liable to be brought before a Court-martial; and, in the case of seconds, if it were proved to the satisfaction of the Court that they had exerted themselves strenuously and to the utmost to put a stop to a duel, but had failed, then they would not be punished to the same extent as the principals, but would receive a minor punishment. The general effect of this regulation would be to discourage duelling in the army—he would not say to a great extent, because he did not believe it existed in the army to a great extent. [Hear.] But, when her Majesty's opinion was thus declared to the public at large—when officers in the army were not only advised to make an apology when they had done wrong, but to accept an apology when they had suffered wrong, there could, he hoped, be but little doubt that in a short time other portions of the community would follow the example and that duelling would be put an end to. [Loud cheers.] It was impossible by any legislative Act to eradicate a mischief of this kind which had lasted for so many years. [Hear.] But to show how small an extent it prevailed in the army he would state, on the authority of the Colonel commanding at Chatham, where there were from twenty five to thirty depots, and from seventy to one hundred officers on the average, that during the whole eight years he had commanded there, there had not been a single duel. [Hear.] He trusted that this arrangement would be accepted, and that the expression of her Majesty's sentiments would have its due weight in preventing the recurrence of any unfortunate encounters of this description. He had great reason to believe that the foolish and disgraceful crime of duelling was going out, and on the part of the army he could say that it prevailed as little in the army as elsewhere. He did not think it necessary to enter now into the general question of the discipline of the army; but he denied that any man had ever been dismissed for not fighting a duel; and in the case to which the honourable and gallant gentleman referred to, the complaint was, that the officer in question had not acted with proper spirit and courage. The papers called for by the hon. and gallant officer should be laid upon the table, but he could not hold out any hopes that he could acquiesce in the views of the hon. and gallant member. He had fully explained the grounds on which he made his decision, and trusted they would meet with the acquiescence of the House.

Sir C. NAPIER praised the temperate manner in which the Right Hon. Gentleman the Secretary at War had dealt with this subject. It was perhaps admitted on all sides that the widow could not as a matter of right claim her pension, but the Right Hon. Gentleman had said that there were special circumstances, but what these special circumstances were the Right Hon. Gentleman did not say. He did not say whether at any time Mrs. Fawcett had any cognisance of the duel. If she had, it certainly was a delicate point for a lady

to interfere in, since it might have been supposed that Colonel Fawcett told her with the view of having the meeting interrupted. But from all that had at present appeared there was nothing to induce a belief that Mrs. Fawcett knew anything on the subject. He agreed with the Secretary at War on the hideousness of duels in general, especially duels between relations. A duel between two brothers, or two brothers in law, was monstrous [cheers]. He would go further; he would say two cousins ought not to fight [a laugh, occasioned by the Hon. and Gallant Member's energetic thump of the table]. Hon. Gentlemen might laugh, but those were his sentiments [cheers]. He regretted much that general officers should have given such advice as that alluded to by his Hon. Friend the Member for Finsbury. Much blame was attributable to the seconds. Had the seconds said, "This is a case in which we will not go on," it would have checked the duel, for he did not think, after such a declaration, the party would have easily found two other seconds. He really thought the seconds were, in most cases, the party deserving of most punishment, and that in punishing the widow the Secretary at War was punishing the least criminal—[Hear]—and unless something appeared that had not hitherto been made public, he hoped the Right Hon. Gentleman would take the case into his consideration. The Right Hon. Gentleman the Secretary at War had brought forward some new regulations, but he agreed with his Hon. Friend the Member for Finsbury, that they would not answer the purpose. Officers would never deem it necessary to make public that they were going to fight a duel, and numbers of duels were fought, and unless one of the parties were killed no notice were taken of it. If the Right Hon. the Secretary at War were not prepared to go farther, he feared it would be of little use, but he would make some suggestions to them. There was a class of men who ought to be especially marked out for reprobation. Men who were practised duellists, men who were always practising with the pistol. To go out with a man of that description was to go out almost without a chance of life. The Right Hon. Secretary at War had, he believed, justly stated that duelling did not prevail to a great extent in the army. Indeed, he thought it would have been better, if that Right Hon. Gentleman intended to put it down, to begin with civilians [a laugh]. Suppose they were to adopt a resolution not to allow any man to become a Minister of State who had fought a duel, nor any man to be a great officer of the Government, or law officer, Chief Justice, or Attorney-General—[laughter and cheers]. He feared, if such was to be the rule, he saw many gentlemen on the opposite side of the House who would not be eligible for their present situations. What would be the case on his own side he would not say—[a laugh]—but if they meant to do anything effectual they would at once promulgate a declaration that any man who sent or accepted a challenge should be incompetent to hold a place under the Government. Then, again, he thought it was not right for the Secretary at War to promulgate measures for the army, unless he did the same for the navy and for civilians also. But the real fact was, these declarations would never put an end to duelling [hear, hear, hear]. If they wanted to stop duelling they had better make it legal, but on certain conditions. Compel the parties to fight across a table. Let one pistol be loaded and the other not. That would go a long way to put a stop to duelling [cheers and laughter]. If that would not suffice, let both pistols be loaded, and the distance be across the table; and if that would not stop the practice, then make it legal that both should fire till one was shot, and hang the other [cheers and laughter].

Sir R. PEEL—I wish shortly to state the grounds upon which I concur in the opinion of my Right Hon. and Gallant Friend, the Secretary at War, that the case of Mrs. Fawcett is not one in which the Crown ought to grant a pension. This case, and the subject of duelling generally, was brought under the notice of the House in the last session, and although the Government despaired of being able to suppress the practice of duelling by any special legislative enactment, yet we undertook to give to the subject our best consideration during the recess. Now, with respect to this particular duel, I approve of withholding a pension from the widow of Col. Fawcett, upon this ground, that the claim of the widow of an officer to a pension is not absolute, but depends upon the circumstances of her case. In the instance of suicide, the widow would clearly have no claim under the general rule acted upon in the service, and so also in cases of duels, when the special circumstances are such as to disentitle the officer to any claim upon the bounty of the Crown. So far as the widow was concerned, the individual hardship was the same to her, whether her husband fell in a duel or by his own hand. I am unwilling, as I said the other night, to enter into any of the details of the unfortunate duel which has been brought immediately under the consideration of the House, out of respect for the memory of the one officer, and the character of the other. But I cannot overlook the fact, that Colonel Fawcett, an officer of high rank, selected for his second a brother officer of inferior rank, a very young man, who could not be supposed to be in a position to exercise that influence which a second ought to do. There can, I think, be but one impression that no duel was necessary in this case. Colonel Fawcett should have apologised. My impression then is, under the circumstances, that my Right Hon. and Gallant Friend, the Secretary at War, is quite justified in withholding a pension from Mrs. Fawcett. As to the additional Articles of War, there is an impression very generally entertained that an officer is liable to be dismissed the service if he does not fight, and I think the public declaration of her Majesty in those articles must tend to clear away all doubt upon that point, and give general satisfaction, as it expresses her Majesty's approbation of the conduct of officers in refusing to fight duels. [Here the Right Hon. Baronet read the third article.] As far then as the highest authority can be appealed to, there is a direct encouragement given to the army to decline duels, and I have no doubt that this decisive expression of her Majesty's pleasure will tend to discourage the practice. [Hear.]

At the suggestion of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, Captain BERNAL withdrew his resolution to give way to the resolutions of supply, reserving to himself the power of moving it *pro forma* next day.

**PRESBYTERIAN MARRIAGES IN IRELAND**—In reply to Sir Robert Ferguson, on Monday, Sir James Graham stated, that should the decision of the Judges against the validity of Presbyterian marriages in Ireland ultimately be affirmed, Government would feel bound to introduce a legislative measure on the subject into the Upper House.

**PARISHES IN SCOTLAND**.—The Lord Advocate introduced a bill, on Tuesday, for the purpose of facilitating the division of parishes in Scotland. It would permit the division of parishes on the assent of a majority of the heritors, instead of three-fourths as at present; and it would authorize the establishment of new parishes on the score of populousness, as well as extent of district. Leave was given to bring in the bill.

In the House of Commons, on the 14th, M. B. Cochrane called for the diplomatic documents relative to the affairs of Greece. Sir Robert Peel replied, that he was willing to produce a part of those documents, but that there were others of them which he could not at present make known.

## INDIA AND CHINA.

By extraordinary express from Marseilles we have received a confirmation of our yesterday's intelligence from India. The news is of the following dates:—China, December 28; Gwalior, January 30; and Bombay, February 1. On the 28th and 29th December, two severe battles were fought in the vicinity of the capital of Gwalior; one of Maharajpoor, the other of Punniar, in which our forces proved victorious. The British army, under the Commander-in-Chief, was about 14,000 strong, of which 300 were cavalry, and 40 pieces of artillery. The forces opposed to them were composed of 15,000 infantry, 3,000 cavalry, and 100 guns. Our loss on these occasions has been very severe, the list amounting to 144 killed and 866 wounded.

Nine British officers have fallen in action, or died of their wounds,—viz. General Churchill, Colonel Sanders, Major Crommelin, Captains Stewart McGrath and Cobban, Lieutenants Newton and Leaths, and Ensign Bray. On the part of the enemy the casualties are estimated at 3,000 to 4,000 killed, and twice as many wounded. The fort of Gwalior was immediately after surrendered to our troops, and the leading chiefs at once tendered submission; our army retires within the companies territories immediately, and we are not to occupy that country, nor in any way to intermeddle with its internal arrangements. Our loss, so disproportionately heavy, is ascribed to the strength of the enemy's position, and to the number of his guns. It must, however, be conceded that the determination with which the Mahrattas maintained the conflict greatly tended to the results we have described. Other accounts ascribe the severity of our loss to delay, through imperfect information respecting the enemy's movements, by which considerable advantage was afforded him in taking up his position. The official accounts afford no grounds for the latter opinion. During the action, his excellency the governor, Lady Gough, and her daughter, were frequently at the side of the commander-in-chief, exposed to great danger. The Governor-General was expected to start for Calcutta on the 23d. India is in general peaceful. Affairs in the Punjab are by no means settled, and it was reported that the Afghans had taken possession of Peshawur. In Scinde, matters are much the same. Our troops recovering a little from their sickness.

## BATTLE OF MAHARAJPOOR.

FROM HIS EXCELLENCY GENERAL SIR H. GOUGH, BARONET, G.C.B.L. COMMANDER IN CHIEF, EAST INDIES.

To the Right Hon. the Governor-General, &c.

Head Quarters, Camp before Gwalior, 4th of January, 1844.

My Lord,—Your lordship having witnessed the operations of the 29th, and being in possession, from my frequent communications, of my military arrangements for the attack on the Mahratta army, in its strong position of Chonda, I do not feel it necessary to enter much into detail, either as to the enemy's position or the disposition I made for attacking it. I shall here merely observe, that it was peculiarly well chosen and most obstinately defended; indeed I may safely assert, that I never witnessed guns better served, nor a body of infantry apparently more devoted to the protection of their regimental guns, held by the Mahratta corps as objects of worship. Your lordship is aware of the extreme difficulty of the country, intersected by deep and almost impassable ravines, which were only made practicable by the unremitting labour of Major Smith with the sappers, and that I had to pass the Koharee river in three columns, at considerable distances, on the morning of the 29th; but by the judicious movements of their respective leaders, the whole were in their appointed positions by eight o'clock, a.m., about a mile in front of Maharajpoor. I found the Mahrattas had occupied this very strong position during the previous night by seven regiments of infantry, with their guns, which they entrenched, each corps having four guns, which opened on our advance. This obliged me to alter in some measure my disposition. Major-general Little's column being exactly in front of Maharajpoor, I ordered it to advance direct, while Major-general Valiant's brigade took it in the reverse; both supported by Major-general Dennis's column and the two light field batteries. Your lordship must have witnessed with the same pride and pleasure that I did the brilliant advance of these columns under their respective leaders, the European and native soldiers appearing emulous to prove their loyalty and devotion; and here I must do justice to the gallantry of their opponents, who received the shock without flinching, their guns doing severe execution as we advanced; but nothing could withstand the rush of British soldiers. Her Majesty's 39th Foot, with their accustomed dash, ably supported by the 56th Regiment Native Infantry, drove the enemy from their guns into the village, bayonetted the gunners at their posts. Here a most sanguinary conflict ensued; the Mahratta troops, after discharging their matchlocks, fought sword in hand with the most determined courage. General Valiant's brigade, with equal enthusiasm, took Maharajpoor in reverse, and twenty-eight guns were captured by this combined movement; so desperate was the resistance, that very few of the defenders of this very strong position escaped. During these operations, Brigadier Scott was opposed by a body of the enemy's cavalry on the extreme left, and made some well-executed charges with the 10th Light Cavalry, most ably supported by Captain Grant's troop of Horse Artillery and 4th Lancers, capturing some guns and taking two standards, thus threatening the right flank of the enemy. In conformity with the previous instructions, Major-General Valiant, supported by the 3d Cavalry brigade, moved on the right of the enemy's position at Chonda. During the advance, Major-General Valiant had to take, in succession, three strong entrenched positions, where the enemy defended their guns with frantic desperation; her majesty's 40th Regiment losing two successive commanding officers, Major Stopford and Captain Coddington, who fell wounded at the very muzzle of the guns, and capturing four regimental standards. The corps was ably and nobly supported by the 2d Grenadiers, who captured two regimental standards, and by the 10th Grenadiers, under Lieut. Colonels Hamilton and McLaren; too much praise cannot be given to these three regiments. Major-General Little, with Brigadier Wright's brigade, after dispersing the right of the enemy's position at Maharajpoor, steadily advanced to fulfill his instructions of attacking the main position at Chonda, in front, supported most ably by Captain Grant's troop of Horse Artillery and the 1st regiment of Light Cavalry; this column had to advance under a very severe fire over very difficult ground, but when within a short distance, again the rush of the 39th regiment, as before, under Major Bray, gallantly supported by the 56th regiment, under Major Dick, carried everything before them, and thus gained the entrenched main position of Chonda. In this charge, the 39th regiment lost the services of its brave commanding officer, Major Bray, who was desperately wounded by the blowing up of one of the enemy's tumbrils in the midst of the corps, and were ably brought out of action by Major Straubenzee. This gallant corps on this occasion captured two regimental standards. A small work of four guns on the left of this position was long and obstinately defended, but subsequently carried, and the guns captured by the grenadiers of the 39th, under Captain Campbell, admirably supported by a wing of the 56th Native Infantry, under Major Phillips. I have the honour to enclose a list of our killed and wounded; that of the enemy must

have been exceedingly great. We have captured in the action of Maharajpoor 56 guns, and the whole of the enemy's ammunition wagons.—I have the honour to be, my lord, your lordship's obedient humble servant,

H. GOUGH, General, Commander-in-Chief, East Indies.

## BATTLE OF PUNNIAR.

FROM MAJOR GENERAL J. GRAY, C.B. COMMANDING LEFT WING, ARMY OF GWALIOR, TO HIS EXCELLENCY GENERAL SIR H. GOUGH, BART. G.C.B. COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF THE ARMY.

Camp Punnar, Dec. 30, 1843.

Sir,—I have the satisfaction to report to your excellency, that the left wing of the army of Gwalior, under my command, yesterday obtained a complete victory over a large force of the Gwalior troops, under the command of Col. Secunder, consisting of about 12,000 men of all arms, and captured all their guns, 24 in number, one standard, all their ammunition, and some treasure, &c. Agreeably to your excellency's orders, I marched from Simmeree on the 28th instant, and encamped at Burk-ka Serai. I had information of the Gwalior troops being in position at Antree, seven miles in front of my camp, and in their intention of making a night attack. On the 29th (yesterday) I make one march to this place, 15 miles, being desirous of getting through the narrow valley from Himmugher to Punnar. The enemy (as it afterwards appeared) marched from the Antree Pass early on the morning of yesterday by a parallel movement, with the left wing concealed behind a lofty and extensive range of hills, some miles distant on our right, and took up a strong position on the heights in the immediate vicinity of the fortified village of Mangore, near Punnar, and commenced firing on my immense line of baggage. I immediately detached all the cavalry I could spare under Brigadier Harriott, and an addition of a troop of horse artillery under Captain Brind, which, on approaching the baggage on the other side of the town of Punnar, took up a position, and returned the fire of the enemy with much precision and effect. Every attempt was made by Brigadier Harriott to attack the enemy; but, from the ground being intersected by ravines, this able officer was prevented from bringing the cavalry into action, and proceeded with them to the rear-guard, having passed under a smart cannonade. About four o'clock, p.m. the enemy was observed to have taken up a very strong position on a chain of high hills, four miles to the east of our camp. I decided immediately to attack him, and detached her majesty's 3d Buffs and a company of sappers and miners to take up a position on the opposite ridge, followed afterwards to the right by the 39th Regiment Native Infantry, consisting of five companies, until I could bring up the force, amounting to 2,007 men, and then make an attack upon the enemy's flank and centre, and drive him from the strong position he occupied: owing to the lateness of the day, it was some time before I could support the force I had detached. The Buffs and Sappers attacked the enemy's centre, exposed to a galling fire from their guns, but most gallantly carried every position before them, drove the enemy from height to height, and captured eleven of his guns and the standard. The enemy's loss was most severe, but, from the action closing at nightfall, many of his killed and wounded were carried off during the night, and it is difficult to form a correct estimate of his loss; all his wounded found on the field were brought into camp this morning, and are under medical treatment. Owing to the strength of the enemy's position and the number of his guns, I regret to say that our loss has also been severe. My best thanks are due to all the troops employed on this occasion, for their unflinching steadiness under a heavy cannonade, and the conspicuous gallantry with which they stormed the enemy's strong position.—I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient servant,

JOHN GREY, Major General.

Commanding Left Wing, Army of Gwalior.

Letters from Gwalior to the 12th of January inclusive, quoted in the *Delhi Gazette*, describe matters there as gradually settling down. The regiments lately in the service of that state were being disbanded, and many of the men had consented to enter the contingent army, which was to consist of 20 field-pieces, two regiments of cavalry, and seven of infantry.

The expenses of the campaign were to be paid down forthwith.

Lord Ellenborough was to leave Scindia's capital on the 17th of January, on his return to Calcutta.

## BY THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF IN INDIA.

Head Quarters, Camp, Gwalior, 16th January, 1844.

1. The Commander-in-Chief in India is pleased to make the following promotions and appointments, until her Majesty's pleasure shall be known:—

3d Light Dragoons—Cornet Edward B. Curzon, from the 16th Lancers, to be Lieutenant, without purchase, vice White, deceased, Dec. 19, 1843.

15th Light Dragoons—Cornet Adam Blandy, to be Lieutenant without purchase, vice Ede, deceased, Dec. 21, 1843.

3d Foot—Lieutenant Harry Blair, to be Captain, without purchase, vice Stewart, killed in action, Dec. 30, 1843; Lieutenant James Speedy, to be Captain, without purchase vice Magrath, died of his wounds, Jan. 14, 1844; Ensign Richard William Woods, to be Lieutenant, Dec. 30, 1843; Ensign Frederick Nassau Dore, to be Lieutenant, vice Speedy, Jan. 14, 1844; Lieutenant Frederick Francis Maude, to be Adjutant, vice Blair, promoted, Dec. 30, 1843.

4th Foot—Brevet Major John Crofton Peddie, from the 21st Foot to be Major, vice Macdonald, promoted in the 40th Foot; Dec. 5, 1843.

9th Foot—Lieutenant Francis Levett Bennett, from the 13th Light Infantry, to be Lieutenant, vice Williams, who exchanges, Jan. 15, 1844.

13th Foot—Lieutenant William Willis Williams, from the 9th Foot, to be Lieutenant, vice Bennett, who exchanges, Jan. 15, 1844.

21st Foot—Brevet Colonel Robert Bryce Fearon, C. B., from the 40th Foot, to be Lieutenant Colonel, vice Walker, deceased; Dec. 5, 1843. Lieutenant George Frend, from the 31st Foot, to be Captain, vice Peddie, promoted in the 21st foot; Dec. 5, 1843.

28th Foot—Lieutenant Henry Furey Wakefield, from the 40th Foot, to be Captain without purchase, vice Adams promoted, Oct. 29, 1843.

29th Foot—Ensign Henry G. Walker, to be Lieutenant without purchase, vice Moore, deceased; Dec. 31, 1843.

31st Foot—Major Henry Clinton Van Cortlandt, to be Lieutenant Colonel, without purchase, vice Churchill, killed in action, Dec. 30, 1843; Brevet Major James Spence, to be Major, vice Cortlandt, Dec. 30, 1843; Lieutenant Edward Lugard, to be Captain, vice Spence, Dec. 30, 1843, cancels his promotion in the 28th Foot, vice Adams; Ensign Simon George Newport, from the 39th Foot, to be Lieutenant, vice Frend, promoted in the 21st Foot, Dec. 5, 1843; Ensign H. Warburton James Gray, from the 50th Foot, to be Lieutenant without purchase, vice Bourke, deceased, Dec. 20, 1843.

40th Foot—Brevet Lieutenant Colonel Reginald Ranald Macdonald, from the 4th Foot, to be Lieutenant Colonel, without purchase, vice Fearon, appointed to the 21st Fusiliers, Dec. 5, 1843; Ensign Samuel Snelling, to be Lieutenant, without purchase, vice Wakefield, promoted in the 28th Foot, Oct. 29, 1843.

50th Foot—Lieutenant Henry Needham, to be Captain, without purchase, vice Cobban, killed in action, Dec. 30, 1843; Ensign Edward John Chambers, to be Lieutenant, vice Needham, Dec. 30, 1843.

86th Foot—Ensign John Jerome, to be Lieutenant, without purchase, vice Stuart, deceased, Nov. 20, 1843.

Second Lieutenants M. R. Pitfold was transferred to the 86th Foot on the 3d March, 1843, from which date he is to be struck off the returns of the 2d or Queen's Royal Regiment of Foot.

By order of his Excellency the Commander in Chief,

H. G. SMITH, Major General,  
Adjutant General of her Majesty's Forces in India.

Mr. Charles Dickens delivered an excellent speech on popular education at Birmingham, last week. The occasion was a conversazione or soirée of the Polytechnic Institution, in the Town-hall. Although called a conversazione, the affair was more like a public meeting, with set speeches, resolutions, and a statement respecting the condition of the young but rising institution; while the lion of the evening, whom crowds came to see and hear, presided as Chairman. Mr. Dickens had attended a similar meeting at Manchester, before Christmas, and in Liverpool a day or two before this last at Birmingham. The points of his speech were not novel in substance; but he popularized some received arguments, impressed them on the memory with happy illustration, or disarmed criticism by the goodnatured version of morals which his writings enforce. He stoutly vindicated education apart from sectarian restrictions—

"The resolutions about to be proposed do not confine themselves to any single institution, town, sect, class, or party, but gallantly assert the principle of comprehensive education everywhere. Such imperfect knowledge as I possess of the mass of my fellow-creatures, and their condition in this country, weds me to that principle, heart and hand, beyond all power of divorceement but one. I hold that for any fabric of society to go on day after day and year after year, from father to father and from grandfather to grandfather, unceasingly punishing men for not engaging in the pursuit of virtue, and for the practice of crime, without showing them the way to virtue, has no foundation in justice, has no foundation in religion, has no foundation in truth; and has only one parallel in fiction that I know of, which is the case of an obdurate old genii in the *Arabian Nights*, who is bent upon taking the life of a certain merchant because he had struck out the eye of his invisible son. Again, if I may refer to another tale in that charming book of fancy, not inappropriate to the present occasion, it would be the case of a spirit of great power, imprisoned for many years at the bottom of the sea, and shut up in a casket with a leaden cover, sealed with the seal of Solomon the Great, who, lying there neglected for many centuries, took different vows in each—or which the first was, that he would reward his deliverer munificently; and the last, that he would destroy him. Now, there was a spirit of great power, called Ignorance, long shut up in a vessel of obstinate neglect, with a great deal of lead in its composition, and sealed with the seal of a great many Solomons, which was exactly in that position. Release it in time, and it would bless, restore, reanimate society; let it lie beneath the rolling waves of years, and its blind revenge at last would be destruction."

Those who are most distrustful of education are the first to exclaim against the results of ignorance; pleasantly illustrated by an anecdote of his railway-journey from Liverpool—

"There sat by him an ancient gentleman—he felt no delicacy in alluding to him, for he knew he was not in that room, having got out far short of Birmingham—who was very mournful over the rumous rapidity of railways, and very pathetic with respect to the virtuous slow-going of old stage-coaches. Now, he, having some lingering kindness for the road, made shift to express some tolerable concurrence with the old gentleman's opinion, without any great compromise of his own; and so they got on tolerably comfortable together. When the engine dived with a disgusting screech into the darkness, like some strange aquatic monster, and the ancient gentleman said this would never do, he quite agreed with him; when it parted from each successive station, with a short, sharp shriek, as if it had that moment had a double tooth drawn, and the old gentleman shook his head, he shook his; when he burst forth again such newfangled notions, he did not contest the point; but he invariably found, that when the speed of the engine was at all abated, or there was the slightest prolongation of their stay at any station or at any place, this old gentleman was at arms, and his watch was out of his pocket instantly. And having his own thoughts directed to their town, he could not help comparing him with that ingenious class of persons who were constantly decrying all kind of dim dangers afar off in the progress of knowledge, but were ever foremost to declaim against the atrocity of any crime that had its origin in ignorance and discontent.

COMMERCIAL RELATIONS WITH FRANCE.—In reply to Mr. Labouchere, on Thursday, Sir Robert Peel said, that looking at the report of a speech by M. Guizot in the *Moniteur*, he had no doubt that, in the opinion of the French Government, there was no probability of a reciprocal reduction of duties by means of actual treaty between France and England.

WAR-OFFICE, March 8.—1st Regt. of Ft.: Lieut. A. M. Gray, from the Ryl. Canadian Regt., to be Lieut. v. Claremont, who exchs.—76th Ft.: Capt. W. Doran, from the 1st W. I. Regt., to be Paym., v. W. Webster, who has been placed upon h.-p.—1st W. I. Regt.: Maj.-Gen. Sir G. T. Napier, K.C.B. to be Col., v. Lieut.-Gen. Sir G. H. B. Way, dec.—Ryl. Canadian Rifle Regt.: Lieut. E. S. Claremont, from the 1st Ft., to be Lieut. v. Gray, who exchs.—Hospital Staff: I. W. Mostyn, Gent., to be Assist.-Surg. to the Forces, v. Home, app. to the 26th Ft.

The case of Mr. Charles Mathews, the comedian, was settled in the Court of Bankruptcy, on Saturday. At the previous examination, Sir Charles Williams had made a strong appeal to the feelings of Mr. Anderson, the opposing creditor; and Mr. James now announced that his client relinquished the opposition. The statements on the schedule had been startling, until they received some explanation by Mr. Mathews; it was doubtful whether a more favourable proposition could be obtained had Mr. Mathews been driven to the Insolvent Debtors Court; and Mr. Anderson now only desired to be appointed assignee to see to the distribution of the estate. The Commissioner approved. Addressing Mr. Mathews in a style of friendly admonition, paternal in its manner, the Commissioner warned him, that if he reappeared in that court, he would not experience the same leniency; quoting Dr. Johnson's remark, that genius and talent are worth little or nothing unless properly guided by prudence. Mr. Mathews thanked the Court for the attention given to his case and the kindness to himself. He was then discharged, under an interim order; the case being formally adjourned till the 4th April.

The packet ship St. Nicholas, Capt. Pell, arrived Thursday evening from Havre, from whence she sailed on the 18th ult.

The dates from London are to the 15th

Mr. J. H. Livingston, attached to the Legation of the United States at Madrid, has arrived at Paris with despatches.

General Bertrand, on his death-bed, charged his brother M. L. Bertrand, to present to the city of Lyons a copy of the campaigns of Italy, written by the Emperor at the Island of St. Helena. Napoleon had two copies of these memoirs made, one of which he gave to General Bertrand.

According to letters from Saint Petersburg of the 23 ult., the Emperor Nicholas has issued an ukase encouraging the Jews to give themselves up to agriculture, and recommending the land-owners to employ the Jews in tillage. Every Israelite farmer is to be exempt from the conscription for ten years, and for fifty years from all tax on the land which he may own and culture himself with the assistance of men of his own religion. Every person who shall take into his service two hundred Jews is to obtain the rank of noble for life, and every person who employs more than 200 Jews is to be invested with hereditary nobility and all the privileges attached to it.

LONDON, March 15th.—Our fellow-subjects will doubtless learn with much pleasure, that His Majesty the Emperor of Russia intends to visit Great Britain. Such a report prevails in our highest circles.

PORTUGAL.—The *Diario do Governo*, the official journal of Lisbon, on the 2d inst., contains the following announcement:

"The Count de Bonfim, up to the 27th ult., still held out with the insurgent troops at Almeida. The Viscount de Fonte Nova and the Baron de Leira, with the Queen's forces, occupied all the surrounding points. On the Frontier-side there were two columns of Spanish troops, under orders from Madrid, to support the operations of the Viscount de Fonte Nova. The *Diario* represents that the rebels had no other alternative than to retreat into Spain, where they would be immediately disarmed. At the same time, the authorities of Traos Montes, and the commanders of the Queen's troops, had taken measures to oppose the passage of the rebels across the Douro, to enter into that province."

MADRID, March 10.—From despatches received by the Minister of War from General Roncali, it appears that in spite of the precautions which had been taken, the rebel Bonet, during the night of the 6th of March, crossed the line of blockade and escaped. He was accompanied by six or eight of his most devoted officers, the greater part of whom were taken prisoners. General Roncali having drawn up his troops in the plain, near the Custom House, and placed himself at their head, received the keys of the town from the chief magistrate, and made his entrance into the place, followed by the troops.

In an hour and a half after the General's entry, the National Guard was dissolved, and all its arms and ammunition, as well as those in possession of the other inhabitants, were given up.

The General immediately occupied himself with re-organization of the magistracy, and preparations for marching against Cartagena. On the 8th the troops commenced their march, and the General followed them on the ensuing day.

The General commanding the blockade of Cartagena, writes, on the 4th of March, that the enemy, to the number of 600 men, had in the morning attacked the extreme left of the besiegers, on the side of Escamberos, supported by the fire of four vessels belonging to the court guard, which commanded this position. They were however repulsed by General Coucha, and retired to strong positions in the direction of Fort Julien, from which they were also dislodged. The besiegers have lost two brave officers, the commanding Bojar and the captain of tirailleurs, Luacadia. The loss of the enemy is unknown.

#### AN AMUSING INCIDENT IN ENGLISH HISTORY.

The annexed anecdote in relation to a visit made to Bristol, Eng., in *old times*, by the husband of a queen, forms a striking contrast to the late visit of Prince Albert to the same place and in the same capacity. The extract is from "Correy and Evans's History of Bristol," and was originally taken from an old Bristol newspaper:

"Prince George of Denmark, consort of Queen Anne, in passing through this city, appeared on the Exchange, attended only by one gentleman, a military officer, and remained there till the merchants had pretty generally withdrawn; not one of them having sufficient resolution to ask such a guest to their houses. But this was not the case with all who saw him; for a person whose name was John Duddleson, a bodice-maker, who lived in Corn street, (probably the house now occupied by Norton & Son, booksellers, which is very ancient,) went up to him, and asked him 'if he was not the husband of the Queen?' who informed him 'he was.' John Duddleson told him he had observed, with a good deal of concern, that none of the merchants had invited him home to dinner, telling him he did not apprehend it was for want of love to the Queen or to him; but because they did not consider themselves prepared to entertain so great a man. But he was ashamed to think of his dining at an inn, and requested him to go and dine with him, and to bring the gentleman along with him, and informing him that he had a piece of good beef and plum pudding, and ale of his dame's own brewing. The Prince admired the loyalty of the man; and, though he had bespoken a dinner at the White Lion, went with him. When they got to the house, Duddleson called his wife, who was up stairs, desiring her to put on a clean apron and come down, for the Queen's husband and another gentleman were come to dine with them. She accordingly came with a clean blue apron, and was immediately saluted by the Prince in the course of the dinner the Prince asked him if he ever went to London. He said that since ladies wore stays instead of bodices, he sometimes went to buy whalebone; whereupon the Prince desired him to take his wife with him when he went again, at the same time giving him a card to facilitate his introduction to court. In the course of a little time he took his wife behind him to London, and with the assistance of the card he found easy admittance to the Prince, and by him they were introduced to the Queen, who invited them to an approaching public dinner, informing them they must have new clothes for the occasion. So they each chose purple velvet, such as the Prince had then on, and in that dress they were introduced by the Queen herself as the most loyal persons in Bristol, and the only ones in that city who had invited the Prince, her husband, to their house.

After the entertainment, the Queen, desiring him to kneel down, laid a sword on his head, and (to use Lady Duddleson's own words) said to him, "Ston up, Sir Jan." He was offered money or a place under Government, but he did not choose to accept of either, informing the Queen that he had £50 out of use, and he apprehended that the number of people he saw about her must be expensive. The Queen, however, made Lady Duddleson a present of a gold watch, which my Lady considered as no small ornament when she went to market, suspended over a blue apron. Sir John Duddleson and his lady lie buried in All Saints' Church, Bristol, on the right side of the entrance from the north road.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 5 1-2 per cent. prem.

## THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1844.

## TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The Publication Office of THE ANGLO AMERICAN will be removed immediately to No 4 Barclay Street, (Astor Building,) from whence the First Number of the ensuing Volume of our Journal, Vol. III., will be issued; we would respectfully request that all letters, communications, and applications to us be made to that address from the time of this announcement.

\* \* Subscribers in the city who are about to move are requested to hand in their new addresses as soon as possible, to prevent mistakes in the delivery of their copies.

The news from Ireland, of the distressed state of the lower classes must be matter of grief and regret to every feeling heart; nor is the sorrow diminished by the recollection that such a state of things might naturally be expected from the neglect of those very sufferers to their worldly affairs, for the purpose of making up "Monster Meetings" where they might puff up the *conceit* of the agitator, and swell out his *money bags*; and all at their own expense, poor creatures, though conscious that their *best* earnings could hardly provide for their necessities from one end of the year to the other. The miseries which have fallen on the ignorant and deluded followers of O'Connell, through the neglect of their labors and the outpouring of their miserable periodical pittance, could not but have been foreseen by every dispassionate looker-on; yet we will venture to say that, while the agitator and his colleagues will hold fast to their receipts, and refuse to disgorge from the accumulation of their ill-acquired wealth, they will plentifully bespatter the government as the cause, and wash their own hands of the iniquity.

In merely weighing cause and effect we should come irresistibly to the conclusion that the wretched Irish of Galway have prepared a rod for their own backs, that the effect of their follies has fallen upon their own heads. But that would neither be a politic nor would it be a philanthropic conclusion. The Government, and all thinking persons, are aware that the ignorant masses of the south and west of Ireland have been grossly misled, their feelings have been excited, and they have been induced to acts on the one hand, and negligences on the other, through the mistaken notions of patriotism. They have hurried forward in pursuit of an *ignis-fatuu*, and have forgotten to take with them provision for their long journey. The false light has disappeared, and they discover themselves to be involved in quagmires and difficulties, with the aggravation of hunger and thirst, and the consciousness that they can have no right to turn their eyes, for help, to the powers they have outraged. Such is their condition, it is just what was anticipated, but happily, as we believe, the offended authorities look down upon them "more in pity than in anger." They will be relieved by the British Government, in due time and to a reasonable extent; and they will receive more real benefit from such a practical yet kind admonition, than from all the coercion which arbitrary power could inflict.

Whilst alluding to the calamitous distress of the Galwegians, we may appropriately enough turn our eyes towards the present mode of action adopted by the agitator, the *true* sympathies which he would fain awaken, and the present rate of the pecuniary stream, "The Rent," which used to flow like a torrent. Mr. O'Connell now writes that peace and good order, with steadfast adherence to the object so long pointed out to them, will render military force against them useless, and will certainly bring about the much desired end. He now begins to speechify in England, and would have it believed among late Monster-meeting men, that there is abundant sympathy in England towards their Irish brethren. To prove this does he exhibit the sums they subscribe to the cause! Alas! That amount, like the Income tax return of Messrs. Fieldens is *nil*. In fact there never was so complete a lulling of the tempest as The State Trials have produced. It may be all very well to let him talk in quiet about his "local Parliament," and such like, for this is harmless in itself, and becomes, by degrees, as soothing as the nurse's song to the sleepy infant. But the Rent itself is gradually diminishing, the late thousands of absorbed contributions are now hundreds, and will shortly be no more; the stream is all but dry.

But another question now agitates the public mind; that, namely, of the sentence to be pronounced upon Mr O'Connell and the other convicted Traversers. On the one hand it is insisted that the majesty of the laws must be preserved, and that to let these persons go unpunished would be considered the effect of pusillanimity. The London *Times*, in particular, is very urgent on this side of the question; and, sure enough, there has been little of either thanks or acknowledgment for the leniency which has been hitherto exhibited towards them. It is true that the Imperial government is strong enough, but it should use its strength to *prevent*, rather than put it forth at a late period to *remedy*, the evils of an over clemency. Unless the Repealers see with their own eyes that the convicted agitator *can* be punished by law they will never believe that he may be so; and a sentence which will serve as a lesson, uphold the dignity of the laws, and be salutary without unnecessary or vindictive severity to the culprits, will probably do much to restore order and obedience. The other side of the question, in which the London *Morning Chronicle* takes a leading position, deprecates the further pursuit of the prosecution, but we cannot say that we perceive much force in the reasonings. One thing in particular completely outrages our sense of legislative propriety; it is this, that the very instant this man

has been convicted of a misdemeanour and conspiracy only one degree short of sedition, he travels post haste to the British metropolis, takes his seat in the legislative councils of his country, beards the whole British Government and people, and proceeds in his career of—talk, at least,—as if no such thing as the State trials, no such thing as his own criminal conviction, had taken place. The House of Commons owes something to its own dignity, which ought not to have been invaded by the presence of one in Mr. O'Connell's condition.

A practical illustration of the subject of the Income Tax, on which we offered a few remarks last week, has recently been presented, in England. The Messrs. Fielden of Manchester and Todmorden having made their return, for that tax, *nil*, have subsequently been sworn to the truth of that return; nor would even this avail, for the powerful and arbitrary Commissioners of that tax have thought proper to dispute both the document and the *oath* of that highly respectable firm, and have given directions to make levy and sale upon the property of the Messrs. Fielden, for the amount which those authorities have persisted in claiming. What will be the result? We know what it *would* be were the defendants poor tradesmen. They would be obliged to shew their books, to give publicity to all their engagements and obligations, and let the world know their means or want of means to fulfil them. To avoid an unjust demand they would have to make exposures which might be ruinous to their commercial credit. With respect to the Fieldens, however, it may possibly be otherwise; they are rich enough to fight this battle with the Commissioners, and as no one can be made to prove a negative, so the officials may be called upon to prove a positive, or else have to make compensation for the outrage they have authorised. At all events the affair is in good hands, and the progress of it may cause the Premier to modify his present notions with respect to the continuance of that odious tax.

## DUELING.

That truly anomalous subject, Duelling, has again been brought up in the House of Commons, and, as might be expected when neither party was disposed to take any legislative steps in the matter, things remain and are likely to remain *in statu quo*. It becomes next to ridiculous for men to rise up in their places in the national legislature, and, after bestowing long Jeremiads, or violent strictures on the condition of this question as at present existing, should sit down again with either the actual or the tacit avowal that no remedy could be devised against an evil universally admitted to be of the greatest magnitude, a moral offence of real and gross turpitude. It has long been an admitted fact in British Politics, that the Imperial Parliament was able to do *anything* in internal government except impossibilities; and will every person have the hardihood to say that the cure of the moral offence of Duelling is impossible? What is the obstacle, so summarily judged impossible? It is simply this, that it is a relic handed down from our barbarian ancestors, shared in the institutions of all the other countries which are derived from the same stock, and existing so long that it has become inveterate and incurable. How absurd is this! All reflecting men acknowledge the folly, the wickedness and the impolicy of the custom, yet all, unhappily, want the moral courage to denounce it and set their faces firmly against it. The distresses occasioned by it are brought daily to view, the sin against the commands of God and of Christian precepts is palpable to every understanding, the examples of—unfortunately but a few—great men who have nobly shewn their moral courage against it are before us, and yet, year after year goes on, in lamentations over its evils, and in the practice against every valuable conviction.

Yet with such an unsettled state of the question a poor widow has lost her husband by the hand of a relation of her own, in obedience to the dictates of an arbitrary and contradictory code; that husband had risen to high rank and had performed meritorious service to his country; he believed that there was a respectable maintenance provided for his wife, if she should survive him, through the liberal institutions of the country he served; but he was prematurely cut off through his obedience to laws, insisted upon in practice, but not acknowledged by either the statute book or the constitution, and his widow is denied her claim to her pension, through her husband's adherence to customs which *in honour* he dared not disobey. Perhaps this conclusion on the part of Sir Robert Peel and Secretary Hardinge is abstractedly right, and may tend to repress, indirectly, this grievous evil; but it has somewhat of an air of cruelty towards the fair sufferer. Hard as it may be, however, upon the individual, it may be well hailed by Society at large, if it be the precursor of measures tending to uproot this moral monster, Duelling, and the concomitant principle of personal vengeance for fancied injuries and affronts.

Undoubtedly there is *some* good arising from the mere frequent discussion of the question; it renders men more familiar with the hatred in which it is held by all sincere Christians, it also renders them familiar with the bold truths which independent thinkers utter thereon; this may encourage the wavering and strengthen the convinced; it may help many a man to have the courage to obey the dictates of conscience rather than the arbitrary commands of false honour, and thus gradually lead to the abrogation of the latter altogether. For on what grounds do the latter subsist? Nothing more than fallacious opinion, long and deep rooted, it is true, but yet, as we humbly think exterminable. In the meantime it is pleasing to find that the Queen is decidedly anxious for the denunciation of this bad habit. We may feel assured that the professed or prominent duellist will not receive the countenance of Her Majesty's Government; the articles which she has caused to be added to the general articles of War are proof of this; and the suggestions of adopting courts of enquiry in arguments, with a view to peaceable settlement of differences, will contribute not a little to the wished-for amendment of the evil.

The recent monetary project with respect to the National Debt and its Inter-

rest is an important and sagacious one; it is that of reducing the present 3½ per cents first to 3½ and afterwards to 3 per cent Stock. And although those who happen to be large holders of that Stock may be inclined to rave and exclaim against bad faith in the government in adopting this measure, a moment's consideration will shew the fallacy of their assertions. In the first place this Stock is made up of various loans, bearing different rates of interests, but which have, by occasional measures such as are now in course of procedure, become consolidated as one Stock bearing interest at 3½ per cent. per annum, and the principal of which is very nearly two hundred and fifty millions sterling. Being loan stock it is evident that the debtors have the right to pay it off, if they please and be able to do so; the Stock holders know it, or ought to know it, and besides this, the latter have no right to be squeezing 3½ per cent from the public when they cannot obtain 3 per cent. in private transactions. The cry of the stockholders that the measure is equivalent to a National bankruptcy is not merely absurd, it is wicked. Those who dissent can have their stock paid off in full, with interest to the day of payment, there is neither bad faith nor insolvency in such an offer, and the holders may renew their loans to government, if they please, at 3½ per cent., which is more than they can get in the public money market.

To prevent uncertainty in the minds of those who have now to make up their minds they are told expressly that no further change shall take place during the ensuing ten years, but that in 1854 a proposal will be made for paying off or else reducing the interest to 3 per cent. per annum, and a guarantee is given that no farther change shall take place until 1874. Surely all this is both plain and just, and the government will thus both honestly and fairly establish a reduction of the national expenditure to the amount of a million and a quarter sterling per annum. Here then is a measure which, so far as it goes, deserves to be popular far more than an inquisitorial Income tax, and in point of justice beyond comparison.

Lord Ellenborough does not repose upon a bed of roses during his Governor-Generalship in India; he went out with pacific intentions, his first act was to censure the hostile proceedings which were going on when he arrived, and his time ever since has been taken up in hostilities of one kind or other up to the latest advices. Nevertheless, we would not be understood to censure his Excellency, even for so wide a deviation from the policy with which he set out; he has been compelled by circumstances which he was absolutely bound to meet, and, with the exception of the thanks which he received from Parliament for services not his own, we think he is well deserving of national commendation for the part he has generally acted as Governor-General of British India. We have little doubt that the awful calamity in Cabul disturbed the general impression of the invincibility of British Arms in India, and may have assisted in creating the difficulties which have occurred on the western side of that Peninsula subsequently. That partial discomfiture, however, has been amply made up, the discontented and insurgent powers have been feelingly convinced that the British lion is awake in undiminished strength, and, in spite of invidious insinuation, we assert that the extension of British power has been the extension of protection, of tranquillity, and of happiness, to the people who have come under its influence.

The latest accounts from India all confirm this. The battles of Punnar and Mahajpoor have been expressly for putting down the lawless ambition of a woman—not the first who has stirred up strife and caused much bloodshed on the Indian Peninsula. The details, in our news columns, are only of the actions, but it may be well to give some brief account of the cause of war in this instance. At the death of the late Sovereign of Scindia the accession devolved upon his nearest in blood, and who is a minor. A regent was appointed, but the widow of the late sovereign set up a favourite, and the regent was obliged to retire from Gwalior. The British resident then made remonstrances, and finally withdrew also; and when the General Government demanded that the new favourite should be made to answer for his conduct, the latter kept back the despatch. It was plain that the Maharani (the widow of the late sovereign) and her agents, were acting unfairly towards the young sovereign, and troops were put in advance in his defence. Proclamations being repeatedly made that the British forces approached with motives friendly to the prince, and warning the evil advisers of the Maharani of the consequences which awaited the continuance of their conduct. The latter, believing in their strength, persevered in their measures, and the actions reported are the consequence. They have been severe, but they have done honour to British prowess, and are commendable to British Justice and protection.

The native troops also, in the British service, have shewn themselves good soldiers; and the manner in which the "Anglo Indian" troops are every where spoken of, gives fair hopes that something good may be done, even under a "hermaphrodite" title,—as one of our contemporaries would call it.

**QUESTION OF THE ANNEXATION OF TEXAS.**—Politicians at Washington are all on the *qui vive* on this subject; the treaty is signed but has not yet been brought up for confirmation, though that is expected to take place in a day or two. In the meanwhile, the final annexation is as great a mystery as ever, and political logic on both sides is brought to bear upon the case with great earnestness. After all, the differences would seem to be not so much on the abstract consideration of the additional territory to a Union already so extensively spread out, but rather on the grounds of jealousy that it may produce a preponderance of Southern Interests over Northern. There is also some apprehension entertained of a war with Mexico on the subject, unless the latter should be propitiated, which is probably no very difficult task. Supposing that evil, however, to be impending, there is not much to be apprehended from the hostility of Mexico, weakened as she is, and having in reality no right over Texas, as the latter is independent both *de facto*, and almost universally *de jure*.

The treaty is said to be a summary one, and drawn up with admirable and expressive simplicity; it does not assume the Texas debts beyond the amount of Land Sales; Texas is to be at first a *Territory*, not a State, and the question of Slavery remains an open one. The treaty must be ratified within 30 days or to be no longer binding on either party.

**NAUTICAL SERIES OF PAPERS.**—In the first number of our forthcoming volume we shall commence a Series of Papers prepared expressly for "The Anglo American," and which will be completed in the same volume, the subject being a narrative of facts occurring in the British Mercantile and Naval Marine from sixty to thirty years ago.

\* \* Lovers of the Beauties of Flora's Kingdom may be abundantly gratified by a visit to the grounds of Mr. Russell, florist, near the South Ferry, Brooklyn. They will there see, among numerous other beautiful plants, a splendid specimen of the Rhododendron. This magnificent plant has upwards of seven hundred flowers upon it, all in full and lively blow, and we think it is unmatched by any other in this country. Mr. Russell receives visitors gratis, and is very obliging and attentive to all who are curious to see his specimens.

\* \* We commend to the lovers of the "odoriferous weed" the advertisement of Mr. Rader, Cigar manufacturer, in our columns to-day. We have no vocation that way, therefore cannot speak from experience, but we learn from good authority that a very choice and recherché variety of the article in question may be obtained of him.

### Music and Musical Intelligence.

**MR. TIMM'S CONCERT.**—This fine artist and most deservedly popular leader and conductor, gave his annual Concert at the Apollo Saloon, on Tuesday evening last, on which occasion he had prepared a bill of entertainments equal, if not superior to anything that we have ever known offered in this country. It is hardly necessary to say that he had the willing assistance of every musician in the city whose services could be available to his plan for that night, for who is there among them that has not been repeatedly and deeply indebted for his valuable services! The entertainments were begun by a new and descriptive Symphony by Spohr, which was divided into three Parts or movements, severally intended to illustrate Childhood, Adolescence, and Mature Age. (We have chosen these terms as more applicable, in our opinion, to the expressed ideas of the composer, than those of Childhood, Youth, and Manhood, in the bills.) To carry out the magnificent ideas of the great Spohr, two distinct bands were necessary, one of wind instruments, and the other of stringed ones; by which these vagaries, changes, vicissitudes, and passions of life were charmingly expressed. The first movement had an air of simplicity in its character, yet it was much elaborated, though perhaps hardly so much so in representing the smiles and tears, the wayward fancies and the sprightly joys of the first period, as when the composer came to describe the cares, the pursuits, the passions and the storms of after-life; whilst the grandeur of the last, which closed by sobering all those passions and feelings, and concluded with magnificent strains of a religious character, was sublime indeed. How a piece, of this complicated labour and exquisite aggregation of ideas could be played so well, by artists who have comparatively so limited a professional exercise together, was matter of surprise to us for a moment; but they were all of first rate professional rank, and what is more, the performance was conducted with a precision and care that do the highest credit to Mr. Geo. Loder, who having both the confidence and the esteem of the band, his every motion was obeyed to the letter. This piece required also a *leader* and a *principal Second*, of prominent qualities, and these were ably supplied by Mr. Wallace as the former, and Mr. Marks as the latter. In short this performance left us nothing to wish for, except to hear it again some dozen times, that we might develope more clearly its peculiarities, and the beauties of its details. The Madrigal of "Down in a flowery Vale" was then sung; it was marked by the warmest applause, and this concluded the first part.

In the second place Mr. Wallace played a concerto in three movements, of his own composition, which he called "Recollections of New York," but we do not remember one strain in it that we could associate with such a title. *Au revoir*, it was beautifully executed, and was most deservedly and warmly applauded. Mr. Wallace is not the most certain artist in the world with regard to his *stop*, but his bowing is excellent, and his execution very neat. Another Madrigal, called "Now is the pleasant month of May," was sung, and was encored. After which Mr. Timm played a grand Concerto in three movements, by Mendelsohn, which seemed but to confirm what is already sufficiently acknowledged, the performer's complete mastery over the pianoforte. The entertainments were concluded with the overture to *Le Lac de Fées*. The audience then separated with feelings of the highest delight arising from this splendid concert.

**MR. W. J. DAVIS' CONCERT.**—The advertisement of this gentleman will be found in the proper place in our columns to-day, and whilst it well commends itself to musical amateurs generally, it will be found particularly attractive to those who admire the *Flute*. The overture to "William Tell," and the Quintett by Spohr, abounds in fine flute passages, and much music for that instrument is found dispersed through the programme. The orchestral force for the occasion is large and good,—an important point for a well arranged concert,—and the details, both of artists and pieces, evince great taste. We trust to see a full Saloon at The Apollo, on Monday evening.

**NEW MUSIC. THE QUARTETT.**—The fifth number of this admirable compilation is just published, and Mr. Rosier deserves the highest credit for the zeal with which he keeps up its spirit. The *Motives* are beautiful and the har-

mories masterly and sweet. The present number contains seven subjects, from the works of Mendelsohn, De Call, F. Otto, D. Lorenz, Richard Kallwoda, and Von Weber. We presume that the next number will complete the series, which will then be a treasure to social vocalism. It must be recollected that besides the four separate parts for the singers, there is a full score for the pianoforte; for, although the pieces do not require such an accompaniment, and produce better effect without it, yet the assistance of an instrument is sometimes very useful among amateur vocalists who have not greatly cultivated sight-singing. It is published by S. O. Dyer & Co.

"THE DAY." Published by Christianan, 404 Pearl street.—This charming song, the words of which are by Wm. Ball, Esq., is the composition of Mr. W. A. King, and evinces throughout the taste and experience of the well-educated musician. We are always pleased in looking over this gentleman's works, for we ever find them better at the second examination than the first.

"SHE COMES FROM THE SUNNY SOUTH." Published by Jno. F. Nunn, 240 Broadway. The words of this elegant song are by C. Donald Macleod, and the music by Mr. W. A. King. The motives, for here are two, of this is considerably more elaborated than the foregoing, and it is a song which would set off the qualities of a good tenor to much advantage.

### The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—*Mr. Booth* has been playing an engagement of five nights to while away the time until the *Seguin* party can commence an operatic series. Do not let us be misunderstood, however, as making *Mr. Booth* a *pis aller*; he is an artist of great talent and fine perceptions of character, and could he always be depended upon for being "i' th' vein," he could sustain the more lofty characters of the Drama in a most satisfactory manner. Happily this has been the case on the present occasion, and he has played "Richard III," "Sir Giles Overreach," "Pescara," "Brutus," in excellent style to very good houses. We perceive that *Mr. and Mrs. Seguin* and *Mr. Shrivell* are underlined in the bills, and will shortly appear. Among the novelties to be offered during their engagement we hear that a translation of "Il Pirata," will be one. It is said to have been done by *Mr. Seguin* himself, and adapted by him for representation here. *Mrs. Seguin* received some injury to her foot by means of a stage trap, but we are happy to hear that she has nearly if not quite recovered.

BOWERY THEATRE.—We witnessed here, on Monday evening, with great satisfaction, the representation of an old Tragedy cut down, called "Fatal Curiosity," from the pen of *Lillo*, who has more than once been admirably effective in dramatic pathos without the aid of blank verse. *Mr. J. R. Scott* as *Old Wilmot* was highly impressive, as were also *Mr. Clarke* as *Young Wilmot* and *Mrs. Hield* as *Agnes*. There is a drawl in the utterance of *Mrs. Phillips* which takes off from her otherwise creditable talents, and certainly marred her *Charlotte* on that occasion. *Mr. Scott* also will be candid enough to excuse us when we say that he hangs upon the utterance when the letters *l*, *m*, or *n*, commence his words, as if he had a slight impediment. This is a fault, and no one will be more ready to correct one than this really valuable actor. A splendid *Spectacle* is in course of performance here, taken and named from *Southey's* celebrated poem of "Thalaba, the Destroyer." It is a very captivating piece of monstrosity.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—*Mr. Mitchell* has nothing to do in the way of caterership but to dip his hand at random into his bag of titles, and draw out the first three or four that may fall in his way; he is sure to pick up acceptable matter for his audiences, and to draw great houses for himself. He gives us his "Hamlet Travestie," "Marriage of Figaro," "Fra Diavolo," "Cinderella," "Trip by Rail Road," "Revolt of the Poor House," "Don Giovanni," "Perplexing Predicament," or what not?—it is always a capital bill, here is always capital amusement, all are in capital humour, and the manager makes a capital hit. *Vive Mitchell! Vive l'Olympique!*

NIBLO'S SUMMER AMUSEMENTS.—The time for the announcements from this captivating quarter is drawing near, and doubtless it will be as usual attractive. We are, however, as yet in the dark, for *Mr. Niblo* knows how to keep his own counsel. Some flying reports there are about the union of this and the Olympic as regards the performers, but nothing definite has yet transpired.

### NEW VOLUME.

THE THIRD VOLUME OF THE ANGLO AMERICAN will be commenced on Saturday, the 27th day of April ensuing, and we have made arrangements that all future numbers shall be executed on paper unsurpassed in quality by that of any other journal whatsoever.

Our unceasing and sedulous cares to render THE ANGLO AMERICAN acceptable to the reading public, have been so successful, that the prospects of the Journal are no longer problematical, the increase of our subscription list has been far beyond ordinary expectation, it has been onward and steady during the whole time we have been before the public, and our regard to prudent economy has thrown us out of early numbers to a degree which has caused great disappointment to applicants and much regret to ourselves. With the expectations which we feel now justified to entertain, and with the experience which we have had of the past, we have resolved to commence the NEW VOLUME with a heavy edition, but would recommend an early application for the work, to prevent disappointment, as a large circulation is confidently anticipated.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN has been noticed by the contemporary Press, both of the United States and of the British Provinces, to an extent that has hardly ever been experienced by any hebdomadal, and the encomiums which have been bestowed upon it by hundreds of Editorial writers, with whom we have had neither intercourse nor connexion, encourage us in the belief that our labours have been acceptable to the public generally; and we can assure our readers that we are stimulated thereby to proceed vigorously, in the hope that we shall still continue to secure their approbation. Neither money nor exertions shall be spared to place it in the first rank of the literary and news Journals of

the day. Great care is taken that nothing objectionable to good taste or correct morals shall find admission into its columns, thus fitting it, in all respects, for the family circle.

The Engraved Portrait of WASHINGTON, which we present to every new subscriber for an entire year, is one of the most magnificent specimens of art that has ever been put forth in this country; it is of large dimensions, being a full length figure, and the plate being 24 inches by 16. It is copied from the celebrated painting by Stuart, which adorns the State House at Hartford, Conn., and has been pronounced by many who knew the distinguished subject of the picture personally and intimately a most accurate and spirited likeness. With our Journal at so low a price, and with this fine engraving. The Anglo American may fairly be deemed the cheapest publication in the world.

### VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT.

*Mr. W. J. DAVIS* respectfully acquaints his friends and the public, that his CONCERT will take place at the Apollo Rooms, on Monday Evening, April 22d, on which occasion he will be assisted by a large Orchestra comprising Forty of the most eminent Musicians in the City, and by the following celebrated Artists:—

Vocal—*Mrs. E. LODER*, *Mrs. HARDWICK*, *Mr. PHILLIPS*, *Mr. WATSON*, *Mr. LODER*, *Mr. MASSETT*, and *Mr. MAYNARD*.  
Solo Instrumental—*Violin*, *Mr. MARKS*; *Flute*, *Mr. DAVIS*; *Piano*, *Mr. TIMM*; *Clarinet*, *Mr. GROENVELT*.

Messrs. *Marks* and *Mr. Musgriff*, by the kind permission of *Wm. Mitchell, Esq.*  
Conductors—First Part, *Mr. W. ALPERS*; Second Part, *Mr. GEORGE LODER*.

Mr. *TIMM* will preside at the Piano Forte.

### PROGRAMME.—PART I.

Overture—"William Tell," full Orchestra.....	Rossini.
Song—"You say we part for ever," <i>Mrs. E. LODER</i> .....	Auber.
Solo— <i>Flute</i> , <i>Mr. DAVIS</i> , Introduction and Variations on the favorite French Air, "Au clair de la Lune," with full Orchestral Accompaniments.....	Nicholson.
Glee—"By Celia's Arbour," <i>Messrs. LODER, PHILLIPS, H. WATSON</i> , and <i>MAYNARD</i> .....	Horsley.
Song—"Fear ne'er assail me," <i>Mrs. HARDWICK</i> .....	Bishop.
Dialogo Brillante— <i>Flute</i> and <i>Clarinet</i> , <i>Messrs. DAVIS</i> and <i>GROENVELT</i> , Introduction, <i>Tema</i> , Brilliant Variations, and Finale, with Full Orchestral Accompaniments.....	Bochsa.

### PART II.

Quintette— <i>Piano Forte</i> , <i>Violin</i> , <i>Tenor</i> , <i>Bass</i> and <i>Flute</i> , <i>Messrs. TIMM, MARKS, WEIGERS, MUSSGRIFF and DAVIS</i> .....	Spohr.
Italian Aria—"Fra un istante," <i>Mrs. LODER</i> , <i>Flute Obligato</i> , <i>Mr. DAVIS</i> .....	Sola.
Solo— <i>Violin</i> , <i>Mr. MARKS</i> .....	Mayseder.
Glee—"Where the Bee Sucks," <i>Mrs. LODER, Mrs. HARDWICK, Mr. PHILLIPS, and Mr. MASSETT</i> .....	Arne and Jackson.
Solo— <i>Flute</i> , <i>Mr. DAVIS</i> , <i>Tema</i> , "HUNTSMAN'S CHORUS," with brilliant Variations, and <i>Orchestral Accompaniments</i> .....	Dronet.
Finale—Overture, "Oberon," full Orchestra.....	Weber.

### TICKETS FIFTY CENTS.

To be had at the Residence of *Mr. Davis*, 24 White Street, at the Music Stores, and at the Door.  
The Concert will commence at 8 o'clock precisely. No postponement on account of the weather.

Ap. 20-31.

### PALMO'S NEW YORK OPERA HOUSE,

WILL open shortly, under the direction of Signor DE BEGNIS, with the celebrated and brilliant Opera Buffa by Rossini.

### IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA.

The following eminent artists are engaged to perform a short season of twelve representations:—

Prima Donna, Signorina Borghese: Primo Tenore, Sig. Perozzi; Primo Basso, Sig. De Begnis; Altro Primo Basso, Sig. Sanguirico; Altro Primo Basso, Sig. Martini; Seconda Donna, Signora Albertazzi; Secondo Tenore, Sig. Albertazzi and Sig. Benatti; Secondo Basso, Sig. Guibernau. With a full and numerous Chorus, new Scenery, and decorations.

Signor Palmo is also in treaty with a Primo Basso, Signor SANTINI.

The following will be the cast of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia":—Rosina, Madile Borghese; Figaro (the Barber), Sig. De Begnis; Conde Almaviva, Sig. Perozzi; Dotore Bartolo, Sig. Sanguirico; Don Basilio, Sig. Martini; Berta (Servant), Signora Albertazzi; Fiorello, Sig. Benetti; Offiziale, Sig. Albertazzi; Notaro, Sig. Guibernau. Full Chorus, new Dresses, Scenery, and Decorations. Leader, Signor Rapetti, with a full Band, as before.

SONNAMBULA and L'ELISIR D'AMORE are the Operas after "Il Barbiere."

(April 20-31.)

### VALE'S GLOBE AND TRANSPARENT CELESTIAL SPHERE.

A SINGLE LECTURE ON PRACTICAL ASTRONOMY, illustrated by the above beautiful instrument (large size) and other appropriate apparatus, by Mr. VALE, Professor of Mathematics and Nautical Science, at the Society Library, Corner of Broadway and Leonard-st., on Thursday Evening, April 25, at 7.

In this Lecture Mr. Vale will show the astronomical manner of finding

### A SHIP'S PLACE AT SEA:

the method of getting the Latitude by the Sun, Moon and Stars, and the various methods of getting the Longitude popularly explained—he will show the manner of obtaining the time of the day by an altitude of the Sun, and the astronomical manner of determining when the Season's begin.

In the course of the evening he will also exhibit and explain his large and beautiful instrument, (VALE'S GLOBE AND TRANSPARENT SPHERE,) in its various capacities, as a Compound Globe, with the earth in the centre and Transparent Sphere without, and as a Planetarium, &c. &c.—Admission Tickets 25 cents.

N.B.—After this Lecture this instrument (large size) will be forwarded to Boston. Small size, for classes, for sale by Mr. Vale, 94 Roosevelt-st.

Ap. 20-31.

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N.Y., has always on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. Bouquets of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N.B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with places.

Ap. 20-31.

M. RADER, 46 Chatham Street, New York, dealer in imported Havana and Princeps Segars in all their variety. Leaf Tobacco for Sigar Manufacturers, and manufactured Tobacco.

Ap. 20-31.

### VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT.

MR. W. J. DAVIS respectfully acquaints his friends and the public, that his Concert will take place on Monday Evening, April 22, at the Apollo Saloon, on which occasion he will be assisted by a large Orchestra, and by the most eminent talent, both Vocal and Instrumental.

Further particulars will be shortly announced.

Ap. 13-21.

ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY.—The 58th Anniversary of this Society will be celebrated at the Astor House, on Tuesday the 23rd inst. Members and their friends wishing to dine with the Society on that day, can obtain Tickets by applying to any of the following Stewards:—

Mr. Richard Clarke, 96 Maiden Lane. Mr. Septimus Crookes, 91 John Street.  
Mr. James Owen, 138 Pearl Street. Mr. Joseph Harvey, 17 William Street.

Dinner on the Table at half-past 5 o'clock.

Ap. 13-21.

MISS KEOGH would respectfully inform her Friends and the Public, that she will continue her School at her present residence, 308 Bowery.

Miss Keogh is desirous to obtain four Boarders between the age of 8 and 12 years, to whose improvement, in a moral, religious, and intellectual point of view, every attention shall be paid. Professors of the first talent are employed, so that the Pupils have the same advantages as those have, who attend more expensive Establishments.

Mar. 30-41.

TO AMATEURS ON THE FLUTE.—Mr. Barton, (pupil of the late C. Nicholson,) respectfully begs to announce that it is his intention to give instruction on the Flute. Mr. Barton professes to teach according to the method purified by the celebrated master, Charles Nicholson.

For terms and particulars application may be made at Signor Godone, Music Store, Broadway, and Mr. Stoddart's Pianoforte manufactory.

Jan. 20-31.

E. BRYAN, SURGEON DENTIST,  
MEMBER OF THE "AMERICAN SOCIETY OF DENTAL SURGEONS,"  
80 Chamber-Street, near Broadway,

R E SPECTFULLY通知 the public and those who were his patrons during his former residence, of fifteen years, in Chamber-st., Warren-st., Murray-st., and Broadway, that he has recently returned from the West Indies, and continues the practice of Dentistry in all its branches, embracing the latest improvements in the art, on moderate terms. Those unacquainted with his professional standing are, by permission, referred to Dr. VALENTINE MOTT, DR. JOHN C. CHEESEMAN, DR. FRANCIS E. BERGER, and ISAAC J. GREENWOOD, Esq., DENTIST.

N.B.—He will remove on the first of May, to No. 54 Warren-st. Ap. 6-1f.

W. RUSSELL'S NEW COLLECTION OF AMERICAN SEEDLINGS.—AZALIAS.—RHODODENDRONS, GERANIUMS, ROSES, and DAHLIAS, are now many of them in fine bloom at the *Gardens and Conservatories* in Henry Street, near the South Ferry, Brooklyn, (late establishment of Mr. Perry). His new variety of RHODODENDRON GRANDIFLORA, is the most magnificent flowering plant now in this Country, and cannot be seen elsewhere. His new AZALIAS consist of both Greenhouse and hardy Garden varieties; his new DAHLIAS, LADY ASBURTON, and MRS. WEBSTER, are now for sale, in roots or plants, from \$2 to 50 cents each.

BOWQUESTS, beautifully made up, at reasonable prices. Ap. 13-3t. i.s.

WELLMAN, WEBSTER AND NORTON,  
COMMISSION AND FORWARDING MERCHANTS,  
No. 75 Camp-street, New Orleans.

L. J. Webster, A. L. Norton, H. B. Wellman.  
Reference—G. Merle, Esq., Wilson & Brown, and Lee Dater & Miller, N. Y.  
Aug. 26-1f.

TAMMANY HALL, (RE-OPENED)  
Corner of Nassau and Frankfort-streets, fronting the Park and City Hall, N. Y.  
THE PROPRIETOR of this well known establishment having recently at great expense enlarged, refitted, and newly furnished it in a style that will bear comparison with any Public House in the Union, is now ready to accommodate travellers and others who may visit the city. The Lodging Rooms are large and airy, and fitted with the best of beds and furniture; the Refectory, in the basement, is arranged in a style chaste and neat, where refreshments are furnished at any hour from 6 A.M. to 12 P.M. On the first floor, fronting the Park, is a Sitting Room for boarders; adjoining is a retired Reading Room, which, together with the general conveniences of the House, make it a very desirable stopping place for the man of business or leisure—it being in the vicinity of all the Places of Amusement, and but a short distance from the business portion of the city. The charge for Lodgings has been reduced as well as the rate of refreshments. The attendance is of the first order. While the Proprietor returns thanks for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed on this House by a generous public, he hopes by unremitting exertions, strict attention to business, and the wants of his customers to merit a continuation of the Mar. 16-1f.

MCGREGOR HOUSE, UTICA, N.Y.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT situated near the intersection of Whitesboro and Genesee Streets, on the site of the old Burchard place, one of the oldest taverns stands in this section of the State, has lately been opened for the reception of guests, under the supervision of the proprietor, JAMES MCGREGOR,

And it is believed that the accommodations it affords are such as to induce the travelling public, if they desire GOOD FARE, PROMPT ATTENDANCE, and commodious, well lighted, and well ventilated apartments, to make it their home during their stay in the city.

The House and Furniture are entirely new. The building was erected last year, under the immediate direction of the proprietor, who has endeavoured in all its internal arrangements to embrace every modern improvement designed to contribute to the comfort and pleasure of guests. The lodging rooms are spacious and convenient. A considerable part of the House has been apportioned into Parlors with sleeping rooms and closets attached. They are situated in pleasant parts of the House, and in finish and general arrangement are inferior to no apartments of a similar character in any Hotel West of New York.

In each department of Housekeeping the proprietor has secured the services of experienced and competent assistants, and he is confident that in all cases, those who honor him with their patronage will have no reason to leave his House dissatisfied, either with their fare, their rooms, their treatment, or with his Terms.

The "MCGREGOR HOUSE" is but a few rods distant from the Depot of the Eastern and Western Rail Roads, and the Northern and Southern Stage Offices. Travellers who desire to remain in the city during the stoppage of the Cars only, can at all times be accommodated with warm Meals. Porters will always be in attendance at the Rail Road Depot and at the Packet Boats to convey Baggage to the House, free of charge.

Attached to the House are the most commodious Yards and Stables, for the accommodation of those who journey with their own conveyances.

Utica, Nov. 1, 1843. JAMES MCGREGOR. (Mar. 9-1f.)

### JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

THE Subscriber begs to call the attention of the TRADE to his Stock of the above well known and highly esteemed Pens, consisting in part of the following:—

The "Principle Pen," No. 1, extra fine points.

Do do 2, fine do

Do do 3, medium do

The design of this Pen is to give a beautiful degree of elasticity, at the same time it possesses sufficient strength to render it durable; by varying the fitness of the points, it is hoped the different styles of hand writing may be suited.

Joseph Gillott's Caligraphic Pen, No. 8—a first quality article, on cards. Each package of a gross, contains six highly finished vignettes, as follows:—

Stratford-upon-Avon,

Kenilworth Castle,

The Custom House, and St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

No. 9 and 10—The WASHINGTON PEN, very superior for its elasticity and delicacy of point; observe, this article is ornamented with an embossed head of Washington.

The quality of the above is equal to any ever offered in the U. States, and they are put up in a style of

### UNSURPASSED ELEGANCE.

Also, on hand, a complete stock of old favorite Pens, viz.:—

Patent,	Magnum Bodum,
Victoria,	Damascus,
Eagle,	New York Fountain,
	Peruvian,

on cards and in boxes.

The public will best guard against the imposition of counterfeits by observing on each genuine Pen, the maker's name is stamped in full "Joseph Gillott" and on every package a fac simile of his signature. For sale by stationers, and wholesale, by

HENRY JESSOP, 91 John-street, corner of Gold.

A few prime Quarto Copying Presses, "Gillott's," also for sale. Nov. 4-ly.

### OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE Old Line of Packets for Liverpool will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz:—

Ships. Masters. Days of Sailing from New York. Days of Sailing from Liverpool.

Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1, July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16,
England,	S. Bartlett,	June 16, Oct. 16, Feb. 16 Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1,
Oxford,	J. Rathbone,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1 Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16
Montezuma, (new)	A. W. Lowber,	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16 Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1
Europe,	A. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1 Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16
New York,	Thos. B. Cropper,	Aug. 16, Dec. 16 April 16 Oct. 1 Feb. 1 June 1
Columbus,	G. A. Cole,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1 Oct. 16 Feb. 16, June 16
Yorkshire, (new)	D. G. Bailey.	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16 Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1

Those ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outwards, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of wines and liquors, which will be furnished by the stewards if required.

Neither the captains or the owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor.

For freight or passage, apply to

GOODHUE & Co., 64 South-street, or  
C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Burling-street, N. Y.,  
and to BARING, BROTHERS & Co., Liverpool.

Feb. 3.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS—PUBLISHED WEEKLY.  
EMBELLISHED WITH UPWARDS OF 30 ENGRAVINGS IN EACH NUMBER.  
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, Established May 14, 1842—A Pictured Family Newspaper, containing Essays on Public Affairs, Literature, Fine Arts, Sporting Intelligence, Science, and a record of all the events of the week at home, abroad, or in the Colonies; the whole illustrated in a high style of art by engravers of the first eminence, printed in a form convenient for binding, and comprising 16 PAGES and 48 COLUMNS OF LETTER PRESS, in a typography consistent with the beauty and neatness of the Embellishments.

The Proprietors of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS have no longer to usher before the world a mere prospectus of a purpose and design. The project which they at first conceived in a spirit of sanguine ambition, has within a comparatively short period, been crowned with the most gratifying and unprecedented success. With the rapidity of tropical vegetation, their seed has grown to fruit, and the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS is now the only FAMILY NEWSPAPER, properly so characterized, which, exceeding all its contemporaries in the amount of public patronage allotted to it, can claim a CIRCULATION OF 50,000 COPIES.

and proudly takes rank as the first of all the weekly journals of the empire.

The fact is a source of mingled gratitude and pride—of pride, because no expedients of imposition—no mean subterfuges have been resorted to, but a stand has been made upon the simple merits of a system which its proprietors have only now to study to improve into as much perfection as a newspaper can attain. To the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, the community are indebted for the first combination of all the varieties of public intelligence, with the fertile and exhaustless resources of the fine arts—the development of a new and beautiful means of extending and confirming the interests of society over all the topics within the circle of its life and action—the giving brighter presence and more vivid and palpable character and reality to every salient point and feature in the great panorama of public life.

And in the cementing of this new and happy union, the Editor of this newspaper has sought no adventitious aids to attain his purpose of success. He has not pandered to the prejudices of the high, nor the passions of the lower orders of society—he has avowed the countenance of no party in the state or among the people, but taking the high ground of neutrality, has contented himself with the advocacy of justice, morality and truth—to raise the standard of public virtue—to palliate the distresses of the poor—to aid the benevolence of the rich—to give a healthy moral tone to the working of our social system—to uphold the great principles of humanity—to promote science—encourage belles lettres and beaux arts—foster genius and help the oppressed—in a word, to enlist all the nobler influences which impel the progress of civilization and tend to dignify the character alike of nations as of men. This should be the enlarged purpose of the honest public journalist, and to take its humble part in the promotion of such purpose is the cherished and avowed ambition of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

To achieve this, the proprietors have not scrupled to enlist the first available talent, both in literature and art, and the consequence has been a declaration of public opinion in their favor and the recorded encouragement and welcome of the whole provincial press.

When this beautiful work is considered in all its details—the talent and skill of the artists—the elaborate execution of the engraver, notwithstanding the rapidity with which many of the engravings have been done—the varied talent displayed in the editorial department—the beauty of the printing—the quality of the paper, and, unlike all other newspapers, is well worthy of preservation, forming as it does a splendid volume every half year, and a work of art never surpassed,—besides various other items which could be enumerated, it must be acknowledged, that in these days of cheap literature, it is beyond comparison the greatest wonder that ever issued from the press.

\* The great success of the Illustrated London News renders it necessary that the public should be on their guard that inferior publications are not substituted for this paper. *Illegible* The "Illustrated London News" is published every Saturday, and maybe had of all the booksellers in the United States and Canada.

N.B.—Also all the back numbers. March 16-1f.

"The Blood is the Life of the Flesh."—HOLY WRIT.  
BRANDRETH'S PILLS PURIFY THE BLOOD.

THAT it being the SEAT OF LIFE, I presume is undisputed, therefore I shall say that it being the SEAT OF LIFE, it must also be the seat of disease. If disease be in the blood, we should abstract the disease only, not the blood itself. It is the impurities which must be removed by Brandreth's Pills to secure our health, in all states of the weather, in all situations, and in all climates. The blood, like a good spirit, is always trying to benefit the body by its struggles to expel impurities. But it is not capable of effecting its own purification at all times; to do this it must often have assistance. When the blood is loaded with impurities, especially in this climate, the consequence may be fatal, provided the blood is not purified at once, and this is sure to be effected if Brandreth's Pills are used.

No time must be lost by the use of foolish remedies, such as bleeding or mercury, for they both only put off the evil day to make it more fatal. Even in inflammatory diseases bleeding never ought to be resorted to, for in nine cases out of ten it will take away the power of nature to effect the cure, even when aided by Brandreth's Pills. They can take out the impurities from the blood, but alas! they cannot put new blood into the body immediately, this requires time, but they CAN REGENERATE OLD BLOOD, but the old blood must be there. It is at all times easier to eradicate mercury from the system and restore the mercurialized being to full health, than it is to effect the restoration of the man who has repeatedly been bled. Bleeding and the effects of opium are the greatest antagonists the Brandreth's Pills have to contend against. Let us therefore be wise, and when sickness assails us, abstract the disease OUT OF THE BLOOD, not the blood out of the body, which bleeding does.

Now, Brandreth's Pills not only purify the blood, but they lessen the quantity, at the same time they make the quality better. They only take the worn out parts from the blood, those which, if retained, would be a source of disease. The good effects which are derived from Brandreth's Pills have to be felt to be believed. The seeds of decay can be constantly eradicated by their use, and the PRINCIPLE OF LIFE—THE BLOOD—strengthened. Thus protracting vigor of body and mind to a period when we have been accustomed to see the faltering step and the enfeebled intellect.

Let no one suppose that the Brandreth's Pills are not always the same. They are. They can never be otherwise. The principles upon which they are made are so unerring, that a million pounds could be made per day without the most remote possibility of a mistake occurring. Get the genuine, that is all, and the medicine will give you full satisfaction.

When the Blood is in an unsound condition, it is as ready for infection, as land ploughed and harrowed is to receive the allotted grain. Those who are wise, will therefore commence the purification of their blood without delay; and those who are already attacked with sickness should do the same.

Ladies should use Brandreth's Pills frequently. They will ensure them from severe sickness of the stomach, and, generally speaking, entirely prevent it. The Brandreth Pills are harmless. They increase the powers of life, they do not depress them. Females will find them to secure that state of health which every mother wishes to enjoy. In costiveness, so often prevalent at an interesting period, the Brandreth Pills are a safe and effective remedy.

There is no medicine so safe as this, it is more easy than castor oil, and is now generally used by numerous ladies through their confinement. Dr. Brandreth can refer to many of our first physicians who recommend his Pills to their patients, to the exclusion of all other purgatives, and the Pills, being composed entirely of herbs or vegetable matter, purify the blood, and carry off the corrupt humors of the body, in a manner so simple as to give every day ease and pleasure.

The weak, the feeble, the infirm, the nervous, the delicate, are in a few days strengthened by Brandreth's Pills, and the worst complaints are removed by perseverance without the expense of a physician. Adapted to all circumstances and situations, they are the best medicines ever invented for families, or to take to sea, preventing scurvy and costiveness, requiring no change of diet, particular regimen, or care against taking cold.

All GENUINE BRANDRETH PILLS have six signatures of Doctor Brandreth on each box. Two on each label. Be careful of counterfeits.

Sold at 25 cents per box, at Dr. Brandreth's principal office, 241 Broadway, and also at his retail offices 276 Bowery, and 189 Hudson-st.; and by Mrs. Booth, 5 Market-street, Brooklyn; Lyman & Co., Montreal; Rigney & Co., Toronto. Mar. 16-4m.

### NEW YORK AND BOSTON RAILROAD LINE.

#### VIA NORWICH AND WORCESTER.

THE Steamboat WORCESTER, Capt. J. H. Vanderbilt, will leave New York, from Pier No. 1 North River, foot of Battery Place, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoon, at 5 o'clock.

Railroad cars leave for Boston immediately on the arrival of the Worcester, at Norwich whence passengers are forwarded without change of cars or baggage.

For further information enquire at the office on the wharf, or to

D. B. ALLEN, 39 Peck-slip, up stairs.

N.B.—All persons are forbid trusting any one on account of the above boat or owners Mar. 16-1f.

J. M. TRIMBLE, Carpenter, Theatre Alley, (between Ann and Beekman-streets,) N. York.

Jobbing of every description executed on the most reasonable terms.

Rooms of every description fitted up Neatly, Speedily, and Reasonably.

May 27-3m

**SCOTCH ALE; BROWN STOUT; BRANDY; WHISKEY, &c.**  
*Scotch Ale*.—Edimboro', Leith, and Alloa, pts. and qts. ripe and creamy.  
*Brown Stout*.—Dublin and London  
*Brandy*.—Otar and Hennessy, Old Dark and Pale, in wood and Bottles.  
*Whiskey*.—Glenlivat and Islay " real peat reek "  
*Rum*.—Jamaica Rum, North side, very superior "  
*Gin*.—Old Hollands,  
*Wines*.—Champagne, Sparkling Hock, Madeira, Sherry, Port, Claret, &c., all of first brands and quality. 100 cases 3 dozen each Old Lisbon White Wine.  
 \* For sale on reasonable terms and in lots to suit purchasers by ROBERT HOPE MART, 11 Nassau-st., cor. Pine.  
 Storage suitable for Scotch Ale, Wines, &c. Mar. 9-3m.

**SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA,**  
 FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, NAMELY:  
*Scrofula, or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples, or Pustules on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ring Worm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica, or Lumbago, and Diseases arising from an Injudicious Use of Mercury, Ascites, or Dropsy.*  
 Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders will be Removed by this Preparation.

The following certificate is from a gentleman who lost the whole of his nose from a severe Scrofulous disease. It speaks for itself.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 25, 1842.  
 MESSRS. SANDS:—Gent.—Although I am disfigured and deformed for life, I have not lost my recollection; and never, while I exist, shall I cease to feel grateful for benefits conferred, through the use of your invaluable Sarsaparilla. I was attacked in the year 1825 with a scrofulous affection on the end of my nose, commencing with a small red spot, attended with itching and burning sensations. This induced rubbing, and now commenced the ravages of a disease which progressed as follows: the left nostril was first destroyed, and, continuing upwards, it crossed the bridge of the nose, and, seizing upon the right side, destroyed the cartilage, bone and all the surrounding parts, until, finally, the nose was entirely eaten off; the passage for conveying tears from the eye to the nose obliterated, which caused a continual flow of tears. The disease now seized upon the upper lip, extending to the right cheek, and my feelings and sufferings were such as can better be imagined than described. I am a native of Nottingham, in England, and my case is well known there. The first Physicians in the Kingdom prescribed for me, but with little benefit. At one time I was directed to take 63 drops of the "Tincture of Iodine" three times a day, which I continued for six months in succession. At another time I applied Oil of Vitriol to the parts. After this used a prescription of Sir Astley Cooper's, but all proved in vain. I continued to grow worse, and as a drowning man will catch at a straw, I used every remedy I could hear of that was considered applicable to my case, until I became disgusted with the treatment, and relinquished all hope of ever getting well.

Many pronounced the disease Cancer, but Dr. M.—under whose treatment I was considered it Scrofulous Lupus, and this is the name given it by medical men. As a last resort I was recommended to try change of air and an Atlantic voyage, and in April last I sailed for America, and arrived here in the month of May. The disease continued gradually to increase, extending upwards and backwards, having destroyed the entire nose, and fast verging towards the frontal bone, it seized upon the upper jaw and surrounding parts.

While crossing on the Ferry-boat from Brooklyn to New York, a gentleman was attracted by my appearance, and thus accosted me:—"My friend, have you used the Sarsaparilla?" Yes, replied I, various kinds, and every thing else I could hear of; but, said he, "I mean Sand's Sarsaparilla?" No, I replied. "Then use it, for I believe it will cure you." Being thus addressed by a stranger I was induced to make a trial of a medicine he so highly recommended.

I purchased one bottle, which gave some relief, and wonderful to tell, after using your Sarsaparilla less than two months, I feel within me well. The disease is stopped in its ravages, all those racking and tormenting pains are gone, my food relishes, my digestion is good, and I sleep well; and, under the blessing of Divine Providence, I attribute the result entirely to the use of Sand's Sarsaparilla. With desire that the afflicted may no longer delay, but use the right medicine and get cured.

I remain, with feelings of lasting gratitude,  
 Your friend, THOMAS LLOYD,  
 Nutria Alley, Pearl-street.

STATE OF NEW-YORK, } On this 25th day of November, 1842, before me came Thos City of Brooklyn, ss, J Lloyd, and acknowledged the truth of the foregoing paper, and that he executed the same.

HENRY C. MURPHY, Mayor of the City of Brooklyn.  
 WONDERFUL EFFECTS OF SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA IN NORWICH, CONN.

Read the following from Mrs. Wm. Phillips, who has long resided at the Falls. The facts are well known to all the old residents in that part of the city.

MESSRS. A. B. SANDS & CO.—Sirs: Most gratefully do I embrace this opportunity for stating to you the great relief I obtained from the use of your Sarsaparilla. I shall also be happy, through you, to publish to all who are afflicted, as I lately was, the account of my unexpected, and even for a long while despaired of cure. Mine is a painful story, and trying and sickening as is the narrative of it, for the sake of many who may be so surely relieved, I will briefly yet accurately state it.

Nineteen years ago last April a fit of sickness left me with an Erysipelas eruption. Dropical collections immediately took place over the entire surface of my body, causing such an enlargement that it was necessary to add a half yard to the size of my dresses around the waist. Next followed upon my limbs, ulcers, painful beyond description. For years, both in summer and winter, the only mitigation of my suffering was found in pouring upon those parts cold water. From my limbs the pain extended over my whole body. There was literally for me no rest, by day or by night. Upon lying down these pains would shoot through my system, and compel me to arise, and for hours together, walk the house, so that I was almost entirely deprived of sleep. During this time the Erysipelas continued active, and the ulcers enlarged, and so deeply have these eaten, that for two and a half years they have been subject to bleeding. During these almost twenty years I have consulted many physicians. These have called my disease—as it was attended with an obstinate cough and a steady and active pain in my side—a dropical consumption; and though they have been skilful practitioners, they were only able to afford my case a partial and temporary relief. I had many other difficulties too complicated to describe. I have also used many of the medicines that have been recommended as infallible cures for this disease, yet these all failed, and I was most emphatically growing worse. In this critical condition, given up by friends, and expecting for myself, relief only in death, I was by the timely interposition of a kind Providence, furnished with your, to me, invaluable Sarsaparilla. A single bottle gave me an assurance of health, which for twenty years I had not once felt. Upon taking the second my enlargement diminished, and in twelve days from the 5th of October, when I commenced taking your Sarsaparilla, I was able to enjoy sleep and rest, by night, as refreshing as any I ever enjoyed when in perfect health. Besides, I was, in this short time, relieved from all those excruciating and unalleviated pains that had afflicted my days, as well as robbed me of my night's repose. The ulcers upon my limbs are healed, the Erysipelas cured, and my size reduced nearly to my former measure.

Thus much do I feel it a privilege to testify to the efficacy of your health restoring Sarsaparilla. A thousand thanks, sirs, from one whose comfort and whose hope of future health are due, under God, to your instrumentality. And may the same Providence that directed me to your aid, make you the happy and honored instruments of blessing others, as diseased and despairing as your much relieved and very grateful friend,

ASENATH M. PHILLIPS.  
 Norwich, Nov. 4, 1842.

Personally appeared, the above-named ASENATH M. Phillips, and made oath of the facts contained in the foregoing statement before me.

RUFUS W. MATHEWSON,  
 Justice of the Peace.

Being personally acquainted with Mrs. Phillips, I certify that the above asserted facts are substantially true.

WILLIAM H. RICHARDS,

Minister of the Gospel at Norwich, Conn.  
 Prepared and sold at wholesale and retail, and for exportation, by A. B. & D. Sands, wholesale Druggists, No. 79 Fulton-st., 273 Broadway, and 77 East Broadway, N. York. Sold also by John Holland & Co., Montreal, and Alexander Beggs, Quebec, Canada, Agents for the Proprietors by special appointment.

Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5.

The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sand's Sarsaparilla that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for Sand's Sarsaparilla, and take no other.

Mar. 9-6m.

### PARR'S LIFE PILLS.

THIS popular and truly wonderful Medicine has, in thousand of instances, produced to invalids a NEW LIFE, who, after keeping their beds for years, have been so speedily re-invigorated with an infusion of new blood, and consequently of new life and strength, by the use of PARR'S LIFE PILLS, that their re-appearance amongst their fellow-beings, who had long given them up as incurable, is looked upon as the greatest of the many great wonders of the age.

The number of testimonials of cures by PARR'S LIFE PILLS, are crowding upon the Proprietors daily, and their unsolicited testimony witnessed by gentlemen of high reputation.

The following testimonial is from one of the most talented and respectable members of the Theatrical Profession, Mr. T. D. RICE. (the original Jim Crow)—a gentleman whose high character for worth and integrity as a citizen, places his unsolicited and voluntary attestation of the excellence of the Medicine beyond the shadow of suspicion. This, (with thousands of similar grateful acknowledgements,) can be seen at the Principal Depot, 304 Broadway.

To Messrs. THOMAS ROBERTS & Co., 304 Broadway, N.Y.:—  
 Gentlemen—Having in the course of a long and arduous practice of my profession, contracted a tightness across the chest, with prostration of strength, and suffering much from the effects of the labour attached to my peculiar pursuits, while in England I had recourse to your popular Medicine, PARR'S LIFE PILLS, from which I received great benefit. Finding a branch of your House in this city, I procured a few boxes of the Medicine, and can now sincerely testify to their value and great efficacy, and also to the great character they bear in the old country.

Your obedient servant,

THOMAS D. RICE, 20 Vestry-street.

This, from a Commission Merchant in the South and New York, is also unexceptionable:—

New York, 26th Dec., 1843.

MESSRS. THOMAS ROBERTS & Co.—Gentlemen—After having, for two years, severely suffered from a protracted disease of the bowels, together with hemorrhage, which seemed to baffle the skill of the best physicians in the South and elsewhere, a few boxes of your valuable Medicine, "PARR'S LIFE PILLS," which I had been persuaded to try,—and which I commenced taking with very little faith in their efficacy—effected an entire and really wonderful cure with me.

I cannot refrain from sending you this testimonial of their excellence, hoping that these Pills may be the means of relieving others, as they have cured me.

You are at liberty to use this voluntary testimonial, as a recommendation of your Pills, to those who may be in doubt of their virtues.—Very respectfully,

J. BURKHARDT, Late of 223 Carondelet-st., New Orleans,

Now 139 Grand-street, New York.

The following certificate is from a gentleman who has resided about twenty-five years in Southwark, Philadelphia, well known from his great respectability:—

Messrs. T. ROBERTS & Co.—Gentlemen—I feel it will be doing no more than right to baffle the skill of the best physicians in the South and elsewhere, a few boxes of your valuable Medicine, "PARR'S LIFE PILLS," which I had been persuaded to try,—and which I commenced taking with very little faith in their efficacy—effected an entire and really wonderful cure with me.

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NOV. 27, 1843. JEREMIAH CLARK, Corner of Catherine-st. and Passayunk Road, Moyamensing, formerly of Southwark.

The next from Mrs. M. Cling:—

No. 193 Christie-street.

Messrs. T. ROBERTS & Co.—This is to certify that I have been afflicted for this twelve years with the liver complaint and dyspepsia, and after trying all advertised medicines—then had recourse to a doctor, who only patched me up. At last the kind hand of Providence pointed out to me the report of Parr's Life Pills, and after attentively and carefully taking a few small boxes, I began to feel like another being—and I ask my cure may be circulated through the United States, so grateful am I for my recovery from the grave.

M. CLING, 193 Christie-street.

### ASTHMA.

PORTSMOUTH, N.H., NOV. 27, 1843.

Messrs. T. ROBERTS & Co.—Gentlemen—it gives me much pleasure to inform you that in this town and neighbourhood your invaluable Medicine, PARR'S LIFE PILLS, are much praised for their rare virtues and great efficacy in the cure of Asthma, and consequently their sale is considerable. Mr. James Ladd, a gentleman well known here, told me of a friend of his, an elderly lady, who has been troubled with Asthma for the last six years, so much so that she was unable to walk out, or use any exertion. Being advised to try Parr's Life Pills, she found herself considerably relieved by them, and persevering in their use, she was enabled, a few weeks since, not only to go about, but to walk to church, a distance of a quarter of a mile from her residence, a feat she had not accomplished for the last three years.

Another case is that of an Engineer on one of the Eastern Railroads, who, after having tried numerous other Medicines and found no relief, but a short time since, began to take Parr's Life Pills for the above distressing complaint, and I am happy to say at this present writing he is fast recovering—I am, gentlemen, yours respectfully,

JOHN JOHNSTON.

The following, being a translation from a German letter, by Mr. Etting, a native of Germany, now living at 167 Ludlow-street—

NEW YORK, DEC. 28, 1843.

Messrs. T. ROBERTS & Co.—It is rarely that we Germans can be induced to have recourse to the so-called patent medicines, as we seldom have confidence in them. A friend of mine, however, induced me to try PARR'S LIFE PILLS, as a cure for habitual costiveness and sick head-ache, of which I had suffered for years, and for which I could find no efficient remedy.

A few boxes of your Pills, which I bought of your Agent, have, thank God, been the means of perfectly restoring my health. I have also used those Pills in my family, and with such excellent success, that I shall henceforth keep constant supply in my house. Should there be persons who would doubt the good effects of this Medicine, I beg to refer them to me, and it would give me much pleasure to show my gratitude for the relief they have afforded me, by recommending them to others.—Respectfully,

C. ETTLING, 167 Ludlow-street.

Mr. J. H. Bowman writes as follows:—

Vergennes, Nov. 8, 1843.

Messrs. THOS. ROBERTS & Co.—Gentlemen—I have closed the sale of all the PARR'S LIFE PILLS sent me, and will remit the balance by our Mr. Roberts, who will be in your city in a few days. The Pills are much liked, and give great satisfaction, and are now in considerable demand, and I have told my customers if they would be patient a few days I would have some more. You will please therefore send me an equal quantity of each size immediately, by railroad to Albany.—Yours respectfully,

J. H. BOWMAN.

Fountain Head Tavern, 96 Duane-street.

The Proprietors of PARR'S LIFE PILLS.—Gentlemen—I cannot be silent on the subject of your Medicine, after experiencing such benefit from it. I am grateful to you that my health has been re-established, by the use of PARR'S LIFE PILLS, after suffering much from dyspepsia for years. To show that gratitude, I shall be pleased, by your name, as one that can and will, at all times, testify to their great efficacy in one of the most severe cases of dyspepsia that probably ever occurred.—I am, gentlemen, Yours, respectively,

S. BROWN.

January 10, 1844.

The following letter is from Mr. Thomas Elder, a gentleman of this city:—  
 New York, 17th Jan., 1844.

Messrs. T. ROBERTS & Co.—Gentlemen—It affords me much pleasure in being able to hear testimony in regard to the benefits to be derived from the use of your invaluable Medicine, known as "PARR'S LIFE PILLS." For a series of years I have been subjected to severe bilious attacks, attended with nausea and derangement of the digestive organs, and applied the ordinary remedies without relief. A friend made me a present of one box of your Pills, with a recommendation to try them. Before I had used the whole of them I found their salutary effects, and have continued the use of them up to the present time with great benefit. As a family medicine, from their gentle nature, they are of infinite service, when applied in sickness, to children, of which I have had a number of experience now in use.—I am, gentlemen, Your most ob'd't st<sup>t</sup>.

THOMAS ELDER.

They can be had at the Office of the Proprietors, THOMAS ROBERTS & Co., No. 304 Broadway, Second Floor.

Mar. 30-1.

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